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NOT YET.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Oh, country, marvel of the earth!
Oh, realm to sudden greatness grown!
The age that gloried in thy birth,
Shall it behold thee overthrown?
Shall traitors lay that greatness low?
No, Land of Hope and Blessing, No!

And we who wear thy glorious name,
Shall we, like cravens, stand apart,
When those whom thou hast trusted aim
The death-blow at thy generous heart?
Forth goes the battle-cry, and lo!
Hosts rise in harness, shouting, No!

And they who founded, in our land,
The power that rules from sea to sea,
Bled they in vain, or vainly planned
To leave their country great and free?
Their sleeping ashes, from below,
Send up the thrilling murmur, No!

Knit they the gentle ties which long
These sister states were proud to wear,
And forged the kindly links so strong
For idle hands in sport to tear,—
For scornful hands aside to throw?
No, by our fathers' memory, No!

Our humming marts, our iron ways,
Our wind-tossed woods on mountain-crest,
The hoarse Atlantic, with his bays,
The calm, broad Ocean of the West,
And Mississippi's torrent-flow,
And loud Niagara, answer, No!

Not yet the hour is nigh, when they
Who deep in Eld's dim twilight sit,
Earth's ancient kings, shall rise and say,
"Proud country, welcome to the pit!
So soon art thou, like us, brought low?"
No, sullen group of shadows, No!

For now, behold, the arm that gave
The victory in our fathers' day,
Strong, as of old, to guard and save—
That mighty arm which none can stay—
On clouds above and fields below,
Writes, in men's sight, the answer, No!

EUDORA;

OR,

THE FALSE PRINCESS.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH.

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "THE DOOM OF DEVILLE," "ROSE ELMER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

"She is our perplexity,
A creature light and wild;
Though on the verge of beggary,
As careless as a child."

When the door had closed behind Malcolm Montrose, and Eudora was left alone in her strange lodgings for the first time in her life, then all the extreme miseries of her position rushed back upon her memory, and despair overwhelmed her soul.

To be charged with an unnatural and monstrous crime, at the very name of which her pure heart shuddered;—to be hunted like a wild beast;—to be hiding like a burrowing fox;—the situation was terrible in its danger; but oh, how much more terrible in its degradation! And through all her own personal consciousness of wrong, shame, sorrow, and peril, two questions continually forced themselves upon her attention:

WHO was the poisoner of her uncle's family?

WHAT was the motive for the fell deed?

Although the last two days had been a season of unexampled distress, excitement, and fatigue—and although for the last three nights she had not once closed her eyes in slumber—yet she could not now rest for one moment in her chair.

She started up with her hands pressed to her throbbing and burning temples, and with a distracted manner and irregular steps paced the floor.

One of the most perplexing elements in her misery was that she could not adequately comprehend her own situation. She understood "a horror" in her state, but not her state. Knowing her own innocence, it seemed to her absolutely incredible that everyone else should not know it also, and monstrous that anyone should suspect her of crime, especially of such an atrocious crime. She could not fully credit the fidelity of her own memory, the evidence of her own experience, or the testimony of her own senses. She was haunted with a vague suspicion that this was all a frightful dream, from which she should presently awake in surprise and joy.

This distrust of the actual is a dangerous state of mind, being the intermediate stage between the last extremity of mental suffering and the insanity to which it tends. Just as the wretched girl was beginning to lose herself in these metaphysical miseries the real world broke in upon her with the voice of her landlady, who was heard outside the door, saying:

"Here, Charley, set down the box; I'll take it in myself; and now you go, like a clever boy, and mind the shop till I come."

There was a sound of the box set down upon the floor and of the retreat of Charley down the stairs, and then a rap at the door.

"Come in," said Eudora, pausing in her walk.

The landlady entered, and inquired:

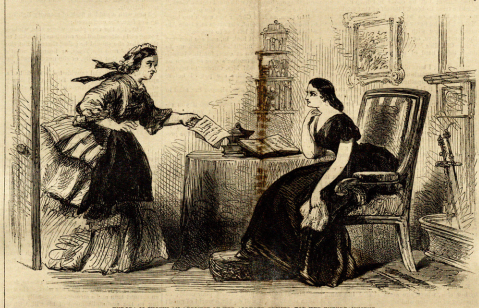
"Where will you have this set, Miss Miller?"

"In my chamber," replied Eudora, in a startled voice, like one suddenly roused from a dream.

Our landlady looked wistfully at her, and after depositing the box in a corner of the bed-room, she came back, and in a motherly manner took Eudora by the hand, and made her sit down again in the arm-chair, while she stood by her and said:

"Now, don't ye take on so, that's a darling! Sure we've all got to lose our parents, unless we ourselves die afore our time. I've lost my mother and father; yes, and the father of my thirteen children too! And *I* don't take on about it! Sure if I did the house would go to ruin and the children to the union! And then there's that poor child up-stairs, with a father as is worse nor dead, coming home every night drunk and beating and starving her nearly to death! Why, *she* don't take on, but is as merry as a monkey, with her lantern jaws and large eyes. And more be token, if it wasn't for the child, I'd ha' sent the father packing long ago, which he has never paid me the first penny of rent for his rooms the six weeks he has been here, and swears at me when I ask him for it! So you see, dear, everybody has their own troubles in this world, but for all that we musn't take on about it, but must do the best we can for ourselves and each other too. Now I make no doubt you would be the greatest of blessings to that young girl up-stairs, and she'd be the best of amusement to you! *She'd* take you off your sorrows; she's the liveliest, queerest, funniest——There, *that's* her now! Listen!

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1861, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]



EUDORA IS SHOWN AN ACCOUNT OF HER ALLEGED CRIMES, FOR HER ENTERTAINMENT.

At this moment a bounding step was heard upon the stairs, and a carolling voice broke forth in song:

"I care for nobody—no, not I?
And nobody cares for me!"

as the singing-girl vanished up into the upper stories of the house.

"There! that's her! she's always just like that! Now it's ten to one as that child will have any dinner this day, yet listen how she sings like a lark! Shall I go and fetch her down to you? She'd be a world of entertainment to you!"

"Oh, no, no, not for the world. I am not fit for any company, least of all for that of a light-hearted girl. Yet I thank you for the kind thought," replied Eudora.

"Well, then, dear, since you are too heavy-hearted to be soothed by anything lively, you must try to interest yourself in something serious—anything to take your mind off from brooding over your own troubles," said the landlady, and taking a folded newspaper from her pocket, she added:

"Now here, here's this morning's *Times* as I've been and borrowed from the library at the corner, o' purpose to read the true account of this horrible poisoning case up in the North! Lawk! only to think of it, my dear—a whole family p'isoned by one young girl, and she their own orphan niece as they fotched over from Indy, and did so much for! But they've *got* her, that's a comfort! they've *got* her safe enough! She'll never get off! To think of any young girl being of such a born devil and coming for to be hung at last. Lawk! it do make my blood run cold."

"But how do you know that she poisoned the family?" asked Eudora, in a faltering voice, and with a shudder that she could not control.

"Lawk! dear, it's all as clear as a sunshiny noonday. Here, read it for yourself. I see my landlord coming across the street towards the house, and he's a-coming after his money, which, thanks to Mr. Miller's liberality, I have got all ready for him." And so saying, the landlady put the *Times* into the hands of her panic-stricken lodger and went away down stairs and into her shop, where she found her surly landlord waiting.

"Well, mum," began the latter, turning a contemptuous glance around the little shop, "I have come to tell you that I will not wait another day! There are now two quarters' rent due, and if the money is not forthcoming I intend to sell you out. You needn't tell me any more about lodgers that can't pay; if you *will* keep paupers in the house you must take the consequence."

"Mr. Grubbins," said the landlady, going behind her counter with a bustling air of self-confidence, "luck is like a pendulum as sways first to the right and then to left, and so on backwards and forwards. And if I have one lodger as can't pay all at once, poor gentleman, I have another as pays like a princess! You see the Lord hasn't forgot me and my thirteen orphans. So, if you please, Mr. Grubbins, write me a receipt for a half year's rent; for I mean to pay you all, and get out of *your* debt though I mayn't have five shillings left."

Mr. Grubbins stared in astonishment, and then, with but little abatement of his severity, wrote out the receipt, while Mrs. Corder laid two five-pound notes and five sovereigns in gold down upon the counter.

"Be more punctual for the future, and don't let one quarter run into another, and then, maybe, you'll keep out of trouble," said Mr. Grubbins, for he did not believe in the continuous prosperity of a poor widow with thirteen children, even with Providence to remember her and them.

And so Mr. Grubbins relieved the little shop of his oppressive presence.

Meantime, upstairs, Eudora, under the spell of a strange fascination, pored over the *Times'* account of the tragedy at Allworth Abbey. There she saw her own blameless name held up to public scorn and execration.

When she had finished reading, she let the paper drop listlessly from her hands, while she herself fell again into that stupor of despair which threatened to undermine her reason.

In this miserable torpor she sat motionless, until the entrance of the landlady to lay the cloth for her solitary dinner.

The good woman was, as usual, full of kindness, solicitude, and gossip, but all this availed nothing in arousing the wretched girl from her apathy. Even the dinner, when prepared, remained untasted, nor could the landlady prevail upon her stricken lodger to approach the table.

"Oh, this will never do in the world! The girl will kill herself," thought good Mrs. Corder, as at length she carried away the untouched spring chicken and green peas. "I'll just wait till tea-time, and then if a cup of good strong green tea don't rouse her out of this, I know what I'll do. I'll just make free to call in the medical man from over the way to look at her. I'm not a-going to let such a profitable lodger as *she* is die for want of seeing after, *I* know."

And accordingly, an hour after the failure of the dinner, Mrs. Corder brought up Eudora's tea, with some delicate cream toast and some delicious guava jelly, all of which she arranged in the most tempting manner upon the table. She then besought her young lodger to partake of it, hinting at the same time that unless the latter would listen to reason in a matter in which her own health was concerned, it really would be necessary to call in the medical man over the way to see to her.

The threat of a visit from the doctor had more effect than all the other arguments urged by Mrs. Corder. Eudora suffered herself to be seated at the table, and drank off the cup of tea that the careful hostess put into her hand.

And such was the beneficial effect of that blessed gift to woman, "the cup that cheers, but not inebriates," that Eudora, notwithstanding all her wrongs, griefs and terrors, felt her vital spirits returning, and with them her natural relish for food. And to Mrs. Corder's great joy she ate a round of toast and a spoonful of jelly.

"Now, there's for you! now then you'll do. See what it is to take advice. If you had had your own way, you'd a' starved yourself nearly to death, and been ill. And now, if you'll take more advice, you'll go right to bed and to sleep," said the delighted woman, as she cleared away the table.

Eudora followed her counsel, and retired almost immediately to bed, where, as soon as her light was put out, and her head was dropped upon her pillow, a feeling of drowsiness stole over her brain, and she slept and forgot her sorrows.

Late that evening—after Mrs. Corder had given her children their supper, and sent them to their beds up in the attic, and had closed up her shop for the night—she came up stairs and paused for a moment on the first landing to listen at Eudora's chamber door. Hearing her breathe deeply, like one soundly sleeping, the landlady nodded and smiled confidentially to herself, murmuring:

"Ah, ha! she is sleeping like a baby, the poor, dear, motherless child!—sleeping like an innocent infant baby without a trouble in the world, thanks be to the laudamy drops as I put into her tea-cup, and to Him as made the poppy grow for the sake of sorrowful mortals; for, if it hadn't a' been for that, sure she'd a' gone mad to-night instead o' going peaceably to sleep. Well, laudamy is a blessing for which we should be thankful, as well I know as I would a' gone crazy the night Corder died if so be the medical man hadn't a given me laudamy drops!"

So saying, and being perfectly satisfied with the result of her own medical experience, good Mrs. Corder glided noiselessly up the second pair of stairs and paused again upon the second landing.

Seeing a light shine through a half open door, she, without the ceremony of knocking, entered a fireless and cheerless bed-chamber, where a young girl of about fifteen years of age sat reading by the light of a farthing candle.

Mrs. Corder sat her own candle down upon the chest of drawers, and dropped into a chair to recover her breath, while she gazed with interest and curiosity upon the young girl, who was so absorbed in the perusal of her book as not to notice the entrance of the landlady.

No one—not even the most careless observer—could have looked upon that girl with indifference. Her form was slight and fragile, and her face pale and thin from that unmistakable emaciation which attends a slow starvation—a slow starvation that saps life as surely as a slow poison. Yet, withal, the character of her face was full of spirit, courage, and even mischief. Her bright brown hair rippled back from a full, round, white forehead, and flowed down her shoulders in wavelets that were golden in the light and bronze in the shade. Her eyebrows, of a darker hue, were depressed towards the root of her nose, and elevated towards the temples, giving a peculiarly arch expression to her large, clear, gray eyes, that, fringed with their long, thick lashes, might otherwise have seemed too thoughtful and melancholy for one so young. Her slightly turned-up nose, and short upper lip and rounded chin, were also full of that expression of archness which seemed the natural characteristic of her face. For the rest, she wore a faded light gray dress, without any addition except a white linen collar.

When Mrs. Corder had watched her for about a minute, she called her attention by saying:

"Miss Annella."

The young girl started, looked up, and with a laugh exclaimed:

"Oh, Mrs. Corder, is that you? How you startled me! bringing me so suddenly down from dream-land to sober earth. I feel as if I had fallen from a balloon, and struck the ground in a very damp, cold marsh."

"Miss Annella, dear, I just dropped in to say if so be you are a-waiting up for the captain, you may as well go to bed, because, if he comes home to-night—which is very uncertain, you know—I can just let him in myself."

"Thank you, dear, kind Mrs. Corder; you are really too good for this wicked world! But you are tired with this day's work, and you need your full night's rest to prepare you for to-morrow's; therefore, you see you must go to bed and go to sleep. As for me, I have got an interesting book here, and I could not leave it until I get to the end of it if it were to save my life! So sitting up will be no act of self-denial on my part."

"La, now! what sort of a book is it as can keep a young gal out of her bed at this time o' night?" inquired the landlady, with interest.

"It is the history of a brave boy, that took his father's crime upon his own childish shoulders, and ran away to draw off the chase from his father's house, and threw himself upon the world to seek his fortune! Yes, and he will find it too; or, at least, I shall not lay the book down until he does."

"Lawk! I wonder if it is true?"

"To be sure it is true; every word of it is true. It is too good not to be true!" replied the girl, enthusiastically.

"Well, I declare!"

"Oh, how I wish I was a boy!"

"Lawk, Miss Annella!"

"Yes, I do! Oh, *don't* I wish I was a boy! If I were, oh, *wouldn't* I go and seek my fortune, too!"

"Lawk-a-daisy me, Miss Annella, whatever do you mean?" inquired the astounded landlady.

"I mean just what I say?" exclaimed the girl, throwing down her book, and laughing gaily. "I mean that I would like to be as free as I should be if I were a boy, or rather if I were a man. I would like to go where I please, to do as I wish; to struggle with the goddess Fortune until I had made the capricious vixen my slave!" concluded the girl; and it was strange to see the fire that gleamed from her dark-gray eyes, and glowed upon her wan cheeks, as she spoke.

"La, bless my soul," thought the terrified landlady, "what a misfortin it is for young creatures to lose their mothers, for sure, never was a woman so beset with two such luny gals as I am by these two motherless young things. The one down stairs is a-going melancholy mad, and the one up here is gone merry mad." Then aloud she asked:

"Miss Annella, do you remember your mother?"

"My poor, dear mother!" said the girl, in a tone of deep pathos, and with a total change of expression and manner. "No, I am very sorry that I cannot remember her. How should I, when she died while I was yet in the cradle—died broken-hearted, it is said, because my grandfather would never forgive her for having married my father."

"Well, that was hard, too; for though it's undutiful for a child to marry against the wishes of her parents, and never turns out to no good—as you may see yourself—still it is unnatural for a parent to hold out forever agin a child. So she died, poor woman, while you were a baby?"

"She died in the second year of her marriage, when I was but a few months old."

"Ah, then, that accounts for all your oddities, poor child. I daresay, now, you never even had a female aunt to look after you?"

"Not since I can recollect. I never had any one but my father. We used to live about in barracks, wherever his regiment might be quartered for the time, until the evil days came, and poor father was cashiered——"

"Umph, ah! for drink, I suppose," thought the landlady; but she said nothing, and Annella continued:

"Since that time we have lived about in London lodgings, but never in any lodgings, Mrs. Corder, where I have been so happy as I have been here with you," said the poor girl, with grateful tears swimming in her eyes.

"Hum! I can easily comprehend *that;* I've never pressed the captain for his rent, which I don't suppose his other landladies has been so forbearing," thought the good woman; but instead of expressing such a thought, she said, kindly:

"Well, child, having so many fatherless children of my own, it came natural to me to try to make a motherless girl comfortable; for, as I often says to myself, suppose my children had been motherless, for though it is bad enough to be fatherless, it is ten thousand times worse to be motherless, as every orphan child knows. So now, my dear, I think, as you are determined to finish your book before you go to bed, the sooner I go and leave you to do it the better. And so good night, my dear."

"Good night, dear, good Mrs. Corder," replied the young girl, warmly pressing the kind hand that was extended to her.

And the worthy landlady took up her candle and went up a third flight of stairs to the attic, where she slept with her numerous progeny in quarters nearly as close as those of the fabulous "old woman that lived in a shoe, and had so many children she didn't know what to do."

CHAPTER IX.

"Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me since every noise appals me?"

The sleep of Eudora was deep, long and refreshing. It was late in the morning when she was awakened by the sound of an unusual commotion in the house.

She started up in affright and listened, for in her present distressing position every new event seemed charged with deadly danger to herself.

As, with breathless lungs and beating heart, she listened, she heard the sound of several heavy footsteps coming slowly up the stairs, and frequently pausing, as if to rest a burden. She heard them stop on the first landing outside her door, and then proceed heavily up the second flight of stairs. Then she heard them enter the room over her head, and deposit their burden so heavily that its slow fall shook the ceiling. This was followed by the shriek of a girl, that rang piercing through the house, and then dead silence.

Unable longer to endure the agony of suspense, Eudora rang her bell violently.

The summons was immediately answered by the landlady, who hastily entered the room.

Finding Eudora pale, faint and trembling, in a state of deadly terror, she came to her side instantly, saying:

"There, I knew they would frighten you in your nervous state, though I cautioned them to be quiet, too."

"What is it?" gasped Eudora.

"La, dear, the men a-bringing home the captain in a dead stupor from the public, where he has been a-drinkin' all night."

"The captain?" echoed Eudora, still in a state of bewilderment.

"Yes, dear, Captain Wilder, as I told you about him and daughter last night. They've just brought him home stupid with drink, and the poor girl thought he was dead, and screamed out, that was all; but I told her as he'd come to after a bit, and made 'em lay him on the bed, so don't you alarm yourself about it, my dear."

Eudora sank back upon her pillow, half ashamed of the relief she felt in knowing that the present shock of sorrow had come to another instead of to herself.

Mrs. Corder brought her hot water, and then Eudora arose and dressed, and passed into her sitting-room, where a comfortable breakfast was soon prepared.

Eudora was not so completely absorbed in her own great sorrow as not to feel some sympathy with the poor girl up stairs. And she requested Mrs. Corder to supply Miss Wilder with anything that might be necessary, and charge it to herself, Eudora.

As the landlady had said, the captain came out of his stupor, but it was only to fall into frightful convulsions of *mania-à-potu*.

Many times during the day the kind-hearted landlady was obliged to run up-stairs to render assistance to his unfortunate daughter, whose youth, sex, and inexperience alike rendered her unfit and incompetent to manage a man in the frenzy of that terrible malady.

All the afternoon and evening Eudora was appalled by the dreadful groans, shrieks, and struggles of the demoniac, as he might truly be called, who was possessed by the demon of intoxication.

Late at night those violent demonstrations of frenzy ceased. And Eudora hoped, for the sake of his hapless daughter, that his madness was over for the present.

It was over for ever.

Eudora was just preparing to go to rest, when her door was abruptly thrown open, and the landlady, in great excitement, entered the room, saying:

"Oh, Miss Miller, my dear, for the love of Heaven, go up-stairs and stay with that poor girl while I run for the doctor. I do believe the captain is dying!"

Eudora, deeply shocked at what she heard, and sensible withal that she could do but little good in such a case, could not, however, disregard such an appeal. She arose at once to comply.

"It is the back room up-stairs, immediately over your own, my dear; you'll be sure to find it," said Mrs. Corder, hurrying away.

Eudora immediately went up-stairs and rapped at the door of the apartment to which she had been directed. But receiving no answer, she gently pushed the door open and entered the room.

It was a poorly-furnished chamber, lighted by a single tallow candle, that stood upon a stand on the left side of an uncurtained bedstead, and cast its sickly beams upon the haggard face of the dying man, whose form lay extended upon the mattress, and covered with a white counterpane.

On the right side of the bed knelt his daughter, with her hands clasping the hands, and her eyes gazing fondly and anxiously into the face of her father. So completely absorbed was she in her attention to him, that the entrance of the visitor remained unnoticed.

"Father," she said, continuing to gaze imploringly into his insensible countenance, "father, don't you know me—won't you speak to me? Father, it is your own Nella!"

She waited, without removing her eyes from those of the dying man, but receiving no answering word nor even a conscious look in reply to her impassioned appeal, she dropped her face upon the counterpane, and sobbed aloud.

At this moment Eudora glided to her side, laid her hand softly upon her shoulder, and spoke gently to her, saying:

"Do not weep so bitterly, Miss Wilder. There may be hope yet."

The child sprang lightly to her feet, threw back the golden-brown tresses that half vailed her face, and fixed her long-lashed, soft-gray eyes upon the beautiful vision that had entered the room, like an angel, to breathe of hope.

"I am your fellow-lodger, Miss Wilder, and having some experience in illness, I have come to render you what assistance I may," pursued Eudora.

"Oh, thank you! thank you a thousand times for coming! But do you think you can do anything for him! Oh, see! he takes no notice even of a stranger coming into the room! he does not even know *me!*" exclaimed Annella, taking her visitor by the hand, and drawing her closely to the bed-side, while she pointed to the suffering man, over whose face the gray shadows of death were already creeping.

Eudora saw that this case was not only beyond her skill, but beyond that of the most skilful physician. Yet she could not find it in her heart to communicate this grievous truth to the child whose soft, dark eyes were fixed so beseechingly upon her face.

"Have you any stimulant in the house—any hartshorne, or even eau-de-cologne?"

It was almost mockery to ask for any article of comfort in a place where the common necessaries of life seemed wanting. And so Eudora felt it to be when poor Annella shook her head, and then burst into tears.

"Do not weep, dear; the doctor will be here in a moment, and he will send the proper remedies immediately," said Eudora, who had taken up and was briskly rubbing the icy hand of the sufferer.

Annella followed her example with the other hand, which she chafed with the hot tears that fell fast from her eyes.

The moment after footsteps were heard upon the stairs, and the landlady and the doctor entered.

The latter immediately stepped to the side of the bed, from which Eudora and Annella retired to give him place.

The doctor took up the hand that Eudora had relinquished, and held it for about a minute with his finger on the pulse. Then he softly laid it down again, and stood with his eyes fixed in grave contemplation upon the stiffening face before him. The landlady drew near in awe.

"Remove his unhappy daughter from the room. The man has ceased to suffer," said the doctor, in a low tone, yet not so low but that its import struck the heart of Annella, who rushed to the bed-side, gazed wildly upon the fixed features of her father, and then seizing the doctor's hand, exclaimed:

"Dead? do you mean dead? Oh, no, sir! no, sir! say he is not dead!"

"Poor child! my saying that will not bring him to life. He has ceased to suffer! and we must all bow to the will of Heaven!"

With a low, inarticulate, sobbing moan, like the last utterance of a breaking heart, the poor girl sank upon the bed beside her father's body, and buried her face on his cold bosom.

There was no violent demonstration of sorrow. After that first broken-hearted sob and moan, she lay as patient, as silent, and as motionless as the dead beside her.

They let her remain for a little time, during which they stood in reverent silence around the bed of death; and then the doctor said:

"She must be removed. She will make no resistance; she is too much prostrated to do so."

And Mrs. Corder went and tenderly raised the light form in her own strong, motherly arms, murmuring:

"La! she has no more solidness in her nor a poor little starved sparrow in the hard frost."

"Bring her into my room, and lay her upon my bed, dear Mrs. Corder, and then, while you attend to the dead, I will do all I can for the living," said Eudora, gravely leading the way from the chamber of death.

Mrs. Corder followed with her light burden, carrying it, as she had been desired, to Eudora's room, deposited it carefully upon her bed, and then withdrew to render the necessary services elsewhere.

Eudora, drawn completely out of herself, forgot for the moment her own sorrows in ministering to those of the poor, bereaved, destitute Annella. Much acquaintance with grief had taught Eudora the rarest of all arts—that of wisely comforting the afflicted. She knew that sorrow is less hurtful when it is permitted to express itself in complaints. She tempted Annella to complain, and the child said:

"Oh, Miss Miller, it is so—*so* hard! I hadn't a friend in the world but him—and he hadn't one on earth but me! We were all in all to each other! and so we always have been, ever since I can remember! When the court-martial took his commission away from him, he gathered me to his heart, and said—'Thank God they can never take *you* from me, my Nella!' And now he is taken from me!

Here a burst of tears interrupted her speech. When it was over she resumed her complaint:

"They speak ill of him because he drank, Miss Miller; but he could not help it. How hard he tried to break himself of that fatal habit no one knows so well as myself—except his Maker! but he never could! Drinking was as much a disease with him as coughing is with the consumptive, or shaking is with the paralytic. Oh, Miss Miller, you look so good! *you* don't think hard of my poor dead father, do you?"

"No, dear; I have always believed inebriation—habitual inebriation—to be a mere disease," said Eudora, sympathetically.

"Oh, it is! it is just as much a disease as dyspepsia or consumption is! This disease that he could not conquer—the dishonor that he felt to the inmost core of his heart—the despair that he should ever recover all that he had lost—these broke his heart! I know it; and I will defend his memory if no one else does!"

Here another burst of weeping arrested her farther discourse. When this second gust of sorrow was past she continued her touching apology for the dead:

"If man could see as God sees—what it was that first drove him to drink—I mean what it was that first brought on this disease, they would pity instead of condemning him! It was my mother's early death! He loved her so much, Miss Miller. Since she died he has never looked upon another woman with affection. And he loved me so much for her sake! And now he is gone, and I shall never see him more—never! never! never!"

Here, for the third time, a wild gush of tears and sobs choked her voice; but as it gradually subsided to quiet weeping, she grew still, and dropped into slumber.

She was but a child in her first sorrow, and like a child she had cried herself to sleep.

Eudora then quietly undressed, and lay down by her side, where she soon shared the same blessing of oblivion and repose.

The next day was one of great bustle in the house.

The parish officers, summoned by the troubled landlady, were early on the premises to take cognizance of the deceased and his necessities.

It was to be a parish funeral; there was absolutely no help for it. Mrs. Corder, after having paid her half year's rent, had not five shillings left in the world; and as for credit—who in this world would credit a poor widow with thirteen children, even for a grave in a Christian churchyard!

Eudora was equally destitute of money and credit. Mr. Montrose, in remembering everything else, had forgotten to supply her with funds. And thus the heiress of Allworth Abbey had not so much as a crown left in her purse. A fugitive and a stranger, she dared not ask for credit, even if there had been a chance of her obtaining it.

Thus it happened that the father of Annella was obliged to be buried at the expense of the parish.

In such burials there is no reverent delay, no long lying out; no funeral feast; no train of mourners; all is plain, cheap, and expeditious. The coffin was sent in the same morning, and the interment was ordered for the afternoon.

Annella heard of this arrangement with a stony resignation.

"He will not feel it," she said; "and as for me, it does not matter."

When the hasty parish funeral was over, there was a talk among the parish officers of sending the young girl for the present to the union, until some other disposition could be made of her, and this was opposed by Mrs. Corder with all her heart and soul.

"Sure, sirs," she said, "I would no more consent to her going to the union, nor I would one o' my own. Sirs, I've thirteen a'ready, and I don't mind making 'em fourteen; certain, one more or less can't make no noticeable difference in a family like mine, unless it should be one less instead o' one more, which the Lord in his mercy forbid!" added the mother, fervently.

"Thirteen children! Do you tell me to my face that you have thirteen children, woman? What do you mean by having thirteen children in an over-populated parish like this? I should think a visitation of the scarlet fever would be a godsend to you," said one of the officers, staring in astonishment.

"Now, may the Lord forgive you for that speech, sir! And as for the rest, sir, if ever I bring my children on the parish, it will be time enough for you to reproach me for first bringing 'em into the world. And more be token, instead of wanting to put a child on the parish, I am offering for to take one offen it," said the widow, in honest indignation.

"And that's true, too," observed the other officer, "but then you have enough to support now; you will never be able to bear the burdens of an additional one."

"Lord, sir, it will be but the putting of a ha'-penny more on every measure of peas, or potatoes, and persuading the people that they are better nor usual," added Mrs. Corder, *sotto voce*.

"Humph, humph, well, we will leave the child with you to-night, and think about it. Perhaps the parish may give you something for keeping her, until she recovers herself, and is strong enough to be bound out."

"Sirs, I thank you; but I would no more take parish help for her nor I would for one of my own, as I told your worships before."

"Well, well, my good woman, there will be time enough to think of that," said the senior officer, as himself and his companion took their leave.

This conversation had taken place in the little back parlor behind the shop.

But there had been one unseen, silent, but attentive listener to this discourse. And that listener was Annella, who, crouching in her grief in a dark corner of the room, had been a witness to the whole interview. And while Mrs. Corder was attending the parish officers to the shop-door, Annella slipped through the side-door opening from the little back parlor into the hall, and crept away to the privacy of her own room, there to mature her plans for the future.

An hour afterwards Mrs. Corder carried her up a cup of tea and a round of toast, and setting these refreshments down upon the little stand, she dropped into the nearest chair to recover her breath, and said:

"Now for the future, my dear, you will come down and take your meals with me. I have adopted you, and so you are to be my daughter, unless some of your kinsfolk should come forward and take you away from me; which I hope they won't, unless they can do much better for you than I can."

Annella spoke no word of thanks, but arose and knelt down by the side of the good mother, and raised her fat hand to her pale lips, and kissed it fervently.

"There, child, there; do get up and drink your tea. I aint a image to be knelt down afore, nor likewise a sovring Queen to have my hand kissed. But if you are fond of the old woman, and do want to be petted, why here, then," said the affectionate creature, raising the girl, and drawing her slight form to her own motherly bosom.

"There, now drink your tea while it is hot, and then go right to bed, and get a good night's rest. And mind to-morrow morning come down and take your breakfast with me at eight o'clock," said the good woman, releasing the orphan.

And then, as Mrs. Corder was much too busy to indulge in sentiment, she arose and bade Annella good night, and left her to repose.

"And now I'll just look in, and see how my other girl does. I might as well own up to having fifteen children at once, for this beautiful creature needs a mother's care as much as any of the others," said Mrs. Corder to herself, as on her way down stairs she paused before Eudora's door and rapped.

Being requested to enter, she put her head in at the door, saying:

"I just looked in upon you to see if you required anything, and to say that you needn't trouble your tender heart any longer about Miss Nella. She's having her tea, and is going to bed presently. She'll do very well for the present. I have adopted her."

"You should really be at the head of an orphan asylum, Mrs. Corder," said Eudora, looking up from her book.

"I think I am at the head of an orphan asylum with fifteen orphans to look after," said Mrs. Corder, smiling at her own notion.

Then ascertaining that Eudora required nothing more that evening, she wished her good night, and withdrew into the lower regions to attend to her own more rightful orphans.

Early the next morning the worthy landlady was stirring. She opened her little shop betimes, placing the red-haired heir of the house of Corder behind the counter to serve the early customers, while she busied herself in the kitchen behind the little back parlor, preparing breakfast for her family.

Eight o'clock arrived, and the morning meal was ready; but Annella had not made her appearance.

"She is over-sleeping herself, poor child; so much the better, it will do her a world of good; and I can just keep some coffee and muffins for her against she does wake; so now, children, come, get your breakfasts."

And so saying, as in that busy household there was no time to wait, the good woman gathered her numerous progeny around the long kitchen table.

When their healthful appetites were well satisfied, the careful mother bustled up, and leaving her eldest daughter, Sally, a good-humored, red-haired lass of sixteen years of age, to clear away the table, she hurried off up stairs to wait upon her lodger.

And it was while Eudora was seated before a delicate morning repast of black tea, buttered toast, and soft-boiled fresh eggs, that the latter inquired:

"How is Annella this morning?"

"I have not seen her yet. She is over-sleeping herself, poor child, after all this fatigue and distress, and I hope she will feel the better of it," said the worthy woman.

"And yet it is ten o'clock. She may be ill, Mrs. Corder. And you know there is no bell in her room."

"That is true, Miss Miller; I will run up and see."

And so saying, the landlady left the room and went up stairs.

Eudora heard her footsteps overhead passing about from one room to the other, apparently in great excitement.

Then there was silence for a little while.

And then the lady was heard rushing down the stairs.

She threw open the door of Eudora's room and entered in a state of extreme agitation, holding an open letter in her hand, and exclaiming:

"She is gone, Miss Miller!"

"Gone—*who?*" inquired the bewildered Eudora.

"Nella! Nella! Who else?"

"Nella! But *where* is she gone? Sit down and take breath, Mrs. Corder."

The landlady dropped panting into the nearest chair.

"Now, tell me quietly all about it, Mrs. Corder."

"She's gone! She's off! that's all about it."

"'Gone,' 'off,' you said that before; but *why* has she gone?"

"'Cause she's crazy; 'cause she's frightened o' the parish officers, blame 'em, and o' the union, and o' being bound out, or else o' being a burden to me!"

"But *where*, then, has she gone?"

"To her ruin, I'm a-feared! To seek her fortin' she says."

"But in what direction?"

"Lord knows! *I* don't, if *she* does herself. This comes all along o' having no home and no mother, and being brought up in a barrack, with no one but a tipsy father to look after her. Here, Miss Miller; here's her letter. I haven't more than just looked over it. And to go off without her breakfast, too, before any of us was up! But here's her letter, Miss Miller; it is intended for you as well as for me, for see it is directed—'*To my good friends?*' Read it out loud, please, and then, maybe, I may understand it better, for I never was a good hand at making out writing."

Eudora took the letter, and read:

DEAR, KIND FRIENDS—When these lines shall meet your eyes, the poor girl that you have befriended will be far away from London. But do not think that she is ungrateful because she is forced to leave you; forced to leave you for your own sakes as well as for her own. She cannot consent to become a pauper, to be disposed of by the parish officers in any manner which they may think proper. And she cannot remain a burthen upon good Mrs. Corder or dear Miss Miller. She longs for freedom and independence, and pines for the country and the open air. She has not a relation in the world upon whom she has any claim. But that you may not be uneasy about her, know that she is gone to seek her fortune in the North of England. There she has a possible friend in the daughter of her mother's nurse, the foster-sister of her mother; Tabitha Tabs, who lives as ladies'-maid at a place called Allworth Abbey, somewhere in the county of C———. For her mother's sake this Tabitha may help her to some good place in the country where she will be willing to work very hard, so that she can only see the green fields, breathe the fresh air, and feel herself a free girl. And so, dear friends, pray feel no anxiety for her welfare. But believe that He who fed the young ravens will care for her, who will always remember your kindness with the warmest gratitude while her name is "ANNELLA."

When Eudora, in reading this letter, met the name of Allworth Abbey, a deadly terror came over her. She felt all the extreme danger that threatened herself in the journey of this unsuspicious girl. She could scarcely command herself sufficiently to read the letter to its close. And when she had finished the perusal, the paper fluttered and dropped from her hand, and she sank back half fainting in her chair.

The landlady perceived her emotion, but ascribed it wholly to sympathy with the misguided fugitive. She picked up the letter and smoothing it out, began to look at it again, saying:

"Did ever any human creature hear of such a mad act? For to go and leave well-known friends to seek her fortin' among total strangers; and without any north star to steer by, as one may say, but a ladies'-maid somewhere in the North of England. Stay. Where did she say the maid was at service?"

"At a place called Allworth Abbey," faltered Eudora, with as indifferent an air as she could assume.

"Allworth Abbey? Allworth Abbey? Sure I have heard that name somewhere lately, and heard no good of it neither," said the landlady meditatively.

Then with a sudden flash of memory lighting up her face, she exclaimed:

"Why, it's the very place where that wicked young girl poisoned all her relations! Lawk! to think that she should be going there! But she couldn't ha' read the *Times*, or heard o' what's happened in that family, or she never would be going there."

"There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow and a fore-ordained fate in the journey of a wild girl to Allworth Abbey," sighed Eudora.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

A DAY'S EXPERIENCE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I don't know about that," said Mr. Dennison, as he lifted his eyes from the page he was reading, and remained for some time in a thoughtful position. "I don't know about that," and he looked upon the page again as he repeated the sentence, and read aloud: "A man who undertakes to make universal life serve him will always be aggrieved. 'It is more blessed to give than to receive;' and the man who, with loving zeal, goes out into life, giving his own soul to things about him, finds life easy, and rich, and full, and strong, while nobody else does."

Mr. Dennison, after puzzling himself for a little while over the suggestions which were born of the precept given above, dismissed the subject, and let the easier current of his thoughts flow on in its usual direction.

Out into the world Mr. Dennison passed, and, for another day, entered into his work. He was an earnest man and a strong man, usually pressing to the accomplishment of his will, with a resolute purpose that swept aside all feebler resistances. But strong and earnest men are apt to come in contact with men as strong and earnest as themselves, and through these are repressed by limitations. None are permitted to work to the full accomplishment of their ends. Other interests are perpetually antagonizing them. And so it happens that those who undertake to make universal life serve them, are perpetually aggrieved.

Take a single day in the experience of Mr. Dennison. He was in position at an early business hour, all on the alert as usual. A man came into his store. He had been expecting him.

"Good morning, Mr. Henry," he said, with a courteous smile.

Mr. Henry returned the salutation, but in slight embarrassment.

"I've only brought you three hundred dollars," said the latter.

"Ah! I'm sorry for that." And the light went out of Mr. Dennison's face. "I fully counted on six hundred."

"Not with more confidence than I counted on making up the sum. Here is all I can raise." And Mr. Henry placed a check in the hand of Mr. Dennison, who received it in a cold and ungracious manner.

"How soon can you make up the balance?" asked the latter, in a tone very different from that in which he had greeted his visitor a few moments before.

"I will endeavor to do so this week," said Mr. Henry, in a depressed voice.

There followed an unpleasant silence. Then Mr. Henry said "Good morning," and retired.

Mr. Dennison had received three hundred dollars of a sum due him by a fellow merchant, and the promise of three hundred more in a week. He was in no fear of losing the balance due; but, having expected to receive the full sum on that morning, he experienced a feeling of disappointment that led him to deal unkindly towards a man who was already suffering because unable to keep his engagement.

A state of mind far from agreeable was the consequence of this incident. There were two causes of disquietude: a failure to receive an expected sum of money, which he purposed using to advantage, and a consciousness that he had wounded the feelings of a man to whom kind consideration should have been extended. There was an element of pleasure in that incident, but Mr. Dennison had failed to extract it. If he could so far have forgotten himself as to feel pity for his neighbor's troubled state of mind, and met his declared inability to fulfill an engagement with cheerful acquiescence, that self-denial would have been followed by an interior satisfaction strongly in contrast with the disquietude that actually came.

Mr. Dennison was not made stronger for the day's assaults upon his peace of mind by this opening incident. He was fully committed to self-service, and his soul cried into the world, "Give! Give!" with an undying eagerness. The day was to be his own, and every act for himself. Not a pulse beat in harmony with the common pulse; not a thought embraced his neighbor.

"I've closed that bargain," said a man, who entered Mr. Dennison's store soon after Mr. Henry's departure.

"You have!" There was surprise in Mr. Dennison's voice, and a falling of his countenance.

"Yes; you held your lot too firmly. I was certain, as I told you yesterday, that I could do better with Raynor."

"I might have receded. Why didn't you come to me before closing with Raynor?" said Mr. Dennison.

"You were decided about the matter when I was here last."

"True; but I wished to sell, and if I had supposed, for an instant, that Raynor would have given away,"—Mr. Dennison checked himself, and tried to rally and assume an air of indifference. But his disappointment was too great. The lot of ground which he had failed to sell, was one that he was desirous of exchanging for money, and for which, at any time during the past two years, he would have sold for twenty per cent. less than the price just asked of a man who wanted it for a particular purpose. In his eagerness to get the highest possible price, Mr. Dennison had overreached himself, and chagrin was added to his disappointment.

"I'm sorry," remarked his visitor, with a shade of regret in his voice. "Your lot would have suited me better; but the price at which I bought was a consideration."

"What are you to pay Raynor?" asked Mr. Dennison.

"Two thousand three hundred dollars."

"Mine is the most desirable for your purpose."

"Yes."

"You shall have it for the same."

But the man shook his head, saying: "The transaction is closed. I have agreed to take Mr. Raynor's lot."

"But I want you to have my lot. It will answer your purpose a great deal better than Raynor's. Take it for two thousand two hundred dollars."

Mr. Dennison, in his eagerness to dispose of his property, was losing sight of honor.

"Sir," answered his visitor, with some sternness of manner, "I never forfeit my word."

"Why do you say that?" Mr. Dennison colored.

"I told you the transaction was closed; that I had agreed to take Raynor's lot."

"Oh, so you did! Excuse me. I did not rightly consider your word."

Mr. Dennison's face wore a sober aspect after the visitor had retired. The incident had hurt him considerably—hurt his self-esteem as well as his cupidity. In attempting to get the utmost farthing possible in a transaction with his neighbor, he had lost the sale of property on which he was yearly sinking interest and taxes; and lost also his own self-respect and the good opinion of this neighbor. These were not circumstances favorable to mental tranquility.

In the ordinary business transactions of the day, many things occurred to fret and chafe the mind of Mr. Dennison. Scarcely anything came out just right. Not a sale was made in which the satisfaction arising from a consideration of the profit, was not marred by regret that the benefit to himself was not larger. In fact, results were all the while falling below desires. Nearly every thought and act limited themselves to the narrow circumference of his own little world of self. He demanded service of every thing and every body, and every thing and every body that served him, did so with stint and reluctance.

And so it happened in Mr. Dennison's case, as it happens with such men, that results in life were always inadequate. Nothing came out just right; nothing accomplished gave the hoped-for tranquility and satisfaction. Self-seeking cursed itself perpetually.

Mr. Dennison sat, towards mid-day, revolving some scheme of profit in his mind, when a lad came in and handed him a letter. He broke the seal and read:

"DEAR SIR—I am anxious to get my son Charles, who will hand you this, into some business where he can earn a few dollars weekly. My circumstances, I regret to say, are greatly reduced, rendering some employment on the part of my boy necessary. Will you do for me what you can? Very Respectfully, MARGARET WISTAR."

The reading of this letter threw something of a chill over the feelings of Mr. Dennison. Mrs. Wistar was the widow of an old friend, with whom he had once been on terms of close intimacy; he could not, therefore, treat her application with entire indifference; but how was he to turn aside from busy self-service to serve another? The application seemed altogether out of place. Twice he read the letter over, and then, in forced consideration for the lad, looked coldly upon him, and said:

"You are Mrs. Wistar's son?"

"Yes, sir." The boy felt the merchant's repellant sphere like a hand pushing him away.

"What can you do?"

"I could stand in a store, sir, or run of errands. I'm willing to do anything, sir."

"Hum—m. I don't know of any place. It's been a bad season just now. But, tell your mother that I'll bear it in mind, and see what can be done."

The boy shrunk away, feeling but little encouraged by Mr. Dennison's coldly uttered promise. He was scarcely twenty paces from the merchant's desk, when his mother's letter was carelessly thrown aside.

But Mr. Dennison could not, as carelessly, put aside the thought of Mrs. Wistar. Old incidents and relations connected with the former life, revived in his memory, rebuking indifference, and compelling him to regard her application as having something of a binding force.

"I can't do anything for the boy," he said, half-fretfully, to himself, trying to get away from convictions of duty. But these convictions were not to be set aside, and they kept haunting him until thought turned from his own affairs, and he gave a brief interval of precious time to the lad. In that brief interval the right suggestion came.

"I will see about it at once," said Mr. Dennison, taking up his hat and going out. There was a pleasant exhilaration in his thoughts. He was successful. In less than an hour from the time Charles Wistar left his store, feeling that no good would come from the application, his mother received an answer to her letter, conveying the gratifying intelligence that an excellent place had been secured for her son.

On the evening of that day Mr. Dennison sat musing, as was his wont, over the day's results. He was in a more satisfied state of mind than usual, and, strange as it seemed to him, on tracing this feeling to its source it was not connected with any good accomplished for himself, but came from the good deed done for Mrs. Wister. He had gained liberally in more than one transaction; had reached certain desirable ends; yet, in all that was of self, a certain disquietude and dissatisfaction was connected—while his thought of the widow and her son gave an unalloyed pleasure.

As he mused over the day's doings, a note was placed in his hands.

"DEAR SIR—Your prompt kindness has touched my heart. I did not say how pressing was my extremity. But that you may know the great service you have rendered, I will declare the truth. If Charles had not obtained employment, I should have been forced to break up my little family. But, the bond is not yet loosened, thank God! May heaven bless you, as it will!

"Gratefully, MARGARET WISTAR."

A little while afterwards, Mr. Dennison took up the volume from which he had read a few sentences in the morning, and the same passages met his eyes. He let them come into his thoughts again:—"Some men go around saying to things, 'Why don't you serve me? Why don't you please me?' They are forever complaining that nothing helps them, and that everything is against them. A man that undertakes to make universal life serve him, will always be aggrieved. It is more blessed to give than to receive; and the man that with living zeal goes out into life, giving his soul to things about him, finds life easy, and rich, and full, and strong, while nobody else does."

Did he say, as in the morning, "I don't know about that?" Not so; but, with a dawning perception of a great truth, spoke thus with himself: "Life's best philosophy is doubtless embodied here. I must ponder these things. In what I have gained for self to-day, no true pleasure has been born; while that one good deed fills my heart with a glow of satisfaction."

OH, LOOK NOT DOWN UPON THE GRAVES.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Oh, look not down upon the graves
Where dwell the broken-hearted,
As if to seek in those lone shrines
The forms of the departed.
Oh, do not look among the tombs,
For those who once did love us;
They are not there—the loved and lost
Are in the Heavens above us.

Oh, look not down upon their graves,
With moaning and with sighing,
For we like them are day by day
Slowly, but surely dying;
The gentle spirits who on earth
Did fondly, truly love us,
Are not within the quiet tombs,
But in the Heavens above us.

Ah, look not down upon their graves,
For they are ever near us;
They come upon their angel wings
To soothe, and bless, to cheer us.
They still retain their earthly faith,
They still do fondly love us;
Their angel eyes are watching us,
In Heaven's courts above us.

THE WIFE-HUNTER.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

It may be that the following little story will strike some of my readers as being old; but I cannot help it. It is a pleasant episode of life which I here record, and though similar ones may have been recorded before, yet there is no reason why I should hesitate to give this to the world. The inspirations of true and faithful hearts are always worth printing, and it is well that our people should thus have them, so that the inmates of the household, when weary of the long chapters of horrors which find so much room in the news-prints of the day, can turn to something more cheerful, and more refreshing to the spirit of humanity.

Our little village of Dalebrook was a quiet, lonely spot, shut in among sloping hills, with great mountains in the distance, and watered by a silvery stream which murmured through the Summer months with refreshing music, answering softly to the song of the robins, and mingling at eventide with the piping of the turtle and frog. We had no partition wall of sect or party in Dalebrook. All the inhabitants worshipped in the grey church, away in a grove of maples and weeping-willows; and as for politics, we quietly did our voting as we pleased, and that was the end of it, so far as we were concerned.

We had two leaders at Dalebrook. One was the white-haired clergyman who had preached in the little grey church ever since the little grey church was built. He took the lead in all our spiritual matters, and also in other things coming properly within his province. He was a good man, and a true man, and a hard working man; and his chief aim was to make us a happy and contented people.

Our other leader was **MALLIE ATHERTON**. O, how beautiful she was, and how good! How we loved her, and how proud we were to acknowledge her influence. She was the superintendent of our Sabbath-school; she played the organ in the choir of the little grey church; she kept the district school in the village; she was president of our social circle; and in our picnics, and parties of all kinds, she was the directing and controlling genius. She had no father, no brother, no sister. Her father died when she was very young, and she had been, in her childish years, a pet of the people. She had a mother living, whom she tenderly cared for, and whom she made very happy.

Mallie Atherton had lived to be twenty years old, and yet I do not believe that a word had been spoken to her of love; none of the youths of Dalebrook had ventured to whisper to her more than sentiments of esteem and brotherly regard. There were a score of young men who would have joyfully taken her hand for life, and there were some who would have sacrificed almost everything else on earth for the undivided love of her heart. But who should dare to propose? Who should step in and seek to claim for himself alone the affections which now warmed for all? We all loved her; we all cared for her; and we all found joy in the sunlight of her bright smiles.

But how long should this last?

One calm, pleasant evening in June, when the trees had donned their brightest foliage, and flowers were just bursting their buds, the stage left a stranger at the little inn of Dalebrook. The stranger wrote his name upon the register, **JOHN MOWBRAY**, and after tea he walked out through the village. It was not often that a stranger stopped in our secluded place, and consequently many curious eyes were turned upon the new-comer—not insultingly so, nor yet impudently. No, no—our people had none of that proclivity. It was rather a good quality that made them observe the stranger—an offspring of their social and friendly relations. John Mowbray was a young man—perhaps six or seven-and-twenty—tall and erect in form, with a handsome, intellectual face, a full, broad, open brow, glossy hair of a light chestnut hue, which assumed a golden luster in certain lights, and his dress was fine, and scrupulously neat, without betraying the least ostentation. In short, he was a gentleman, in every point of appearance, and those who first became acquainted with him were the first to like him. He told the landlord that he had come away from the great city to find a season of quiet repose in some genial country retreat. He had heard of Dalebrook, and he had come to see whether it afforded the recreation he sought. This was soon told from one to another, until the business of the visitor became pretty generally known.

On Sunday morning Mr. Mowbray came to the church an hour or two before the time for the stated services. He was passing by, and as he heard the notes of the organ, he came in. The choir were rehearsing. The inn-keeper was our chorister, and he invited the visitor into the gallery. I remember—we were practicing an anthem arranged from Neithardt. Mr. Mowbray took up a book, and joined us. How his voice thrilled us with its richness of melody! It was a deep, full basso, pure and harmonious, and under a high state of cultivation. At the second trial that voice led the chorister—led the choir—led the organ. Of course John Mowbray was introduced to the singers, and in the course of conversation Mallie Atherton asked him if he did not play the organ. He replied that he did sometimes. She arose from the instrument, and asked him to take her place.

"To please you," he said with a smile.

He touched the keys, and the noble organ seemed startled into the consciousness that it had found a master. It quivered a moment, as though eager for a display of its powers; then the wondrous notes rolled forth in rich, enchanting volume—now breaking upon the listening air in strains of praise—now shaking the very walls with notes of joyous triumph—and anon sinking to the sweetest murmuring of hope and resignation.

We had never heard such music before, and I saw a wistful look upon Mallie's face as she listened.

"Don't get up," she said, as Mowbray turned upon the seat, and removed his feet from the pedals.

"Excuse me," he replied, with a warm smile upon his handsome face. "At some other time I may play for you again, but not now. The congregation will soon begin to come in."

"But," urged Mallie, "you play so much better than I. Will you not keep the seat this morning?"

"That would not be just, Miss Atherton. I will sing."

He arose as he spoke, and gently taking her hand, he seated her at the instrument. It was done so kindly, and so quietly, and with such perfect grace, that Mallie obeyed him instinctively.

And Mr. Mowbray sang in the choir, in the forenoon, and in the afternoon; and in the evening he attended the social conference, where he sang again.

During the week Mowbray called upon the old clergyman, and they walked out together over the hills; and we were not long in discovering that the clergyman liked him, and enjoyed his society. One day Mowbray was passing the church, and as he heard the notes of the organ, he went in. Mallie was there practising, and some of the singers were with her. Of course he was called upon to play; and he did so. He entertained the little company an hour, or more; and then he asked Mallie to resume her seat.

"I have had much experience with the organ," he said. "It has been one of my companions from childhood, and I have enjoyed the teaching of some of the best masters, both in this country and in Europe. If it would please you I will cheerfully give to you such assistance as I can in the prosecution of your practice. I may help you a little; for very slight hints are sometimes of great value."

Mallie Atherton, who never thought any evil in her life, could see no harm in this; and she gladly accepted the offer; and from that time she became John Mowbray's pupil. He devoted much time to the work; he was anxious and attentive; and Mallie's improvement in musical culture was rapid and marked. Two months had passed away, and Mallie Atherton's power of sending forth rich music from the organ was a marvel to the church-goers. But Mallie's improvement was not alone at the organ. In the Sabbath-school she betrayed new stores of knowledge; and in her social conversation she ventured upon new and wider ranges of topics. Whence came all this?

Ah—there began to be strange whisperings at Dalebrook. We could see it very plainly. The truth could not be hidden. Mallie Atherton had fallen in love with Mr. Mowbray. She showed it in every look and movement when the visitor was near. She showed it when he spoke to her; she showed it when she spoke to him; and she showed it when his name was spoken in her presence by others. Those who knew Mallie best knew that, if she loved at all, she would love with her whole soul; and if she had learned to love the handsome visitor, she had given to him the wealth of her deepest heart. Was it not natural that there should be some anxiety? Where did he come from? He certainly appeared to be a gentleman, and as a visitor we had liked him; but when it came to this, we found it a more serious matter. We all loved Mallie Atherton too well to see her fall into the snare of an adventurer. There was much whispering; much mistrusting; and much shaking of heads. Some friends called upon Mrs. Atherton and broached the subject to her; but she did not seem to entertain any fears.

Did she know who John Mowbray was?

No.

Did she ever know where he came from?

No.

Then how could she be so careless of her child? How could she suffer Mallie to be thrown upon such a fearful risk?

The widow was very calm and rational. She had conversed with Mr. Mowbray, and she believed him to be a true and honorable man. And, furthermore, the good old clergyman had perfect confidence in Mowbray's reliability.

Here was new food for surmise and wonderment. If the poor widow had been deceived, and the honest-hearted old clergyman had been successfully played upon, the result might be as unavoidable as it was dangerous.

At this point a new tack was taken. It was determined to find out, if possible, who was John Mowbray, and what was he; and to this end any amount of inquiry was made; but all to no effect. This result was not pleasing to the anxious ones. The very fact that they could learn nothing made them more than ever mistrustful and suspicious.

In the meantime the subject of all this commotion seemed to rest perfectly easy under the ordeal. Of course he knew what was going on; but he did not allow it to worry him. He visited Mallie at her home, and we felt sure that he had been accepted as her lover. We hoped that all would come out well; but we had our fears.

One bright morning in September John Mowbray took his seat in the stage; but he did not leave Dalebrook alone. No, the coach stopped at the widow's cot, and Mallie and her mother went away with him. Where were they going? Nobody knew. Days passed—weeks passed—and the leaves of the maples had begun to turn red, and the vines and tender plants were crisping with frost, ere Mallie returned; and when she came, her mother and John Mowbray came with her. This was in October.

On the very next day cards were sent out, inviting us all to be present at the house of Mrs. Atherton on a certain evening. Of course we went. We found the old clergyman there; and we soon understood that it was a wedding party. In the main part of the widow's house were two rooms separated by folding-doors, and as these were thrown open, plenty of space was allowed for the assembly. By and by John Mowbray entered, leading Mallie Atherton by the hand. How proud and noble he looked; and how beautiful and how happy was our sweet Mallie. Surely it must all be right. It could not be otherwise. But stop.

Mr. Mowbray moves his hand, and demanded silence.

"My dear friends," he said, while a warm smile overspread his handsome face, "I feel that I have an explanation to make; and if you will give me your attention I will make it."

He had that attention very quickly, and thus proceeded:

"I know that you have wondered much at the course which I have pursued; and I know that you have been exercised by a great deal of anxiety; and now, in order that you may have no more questions to ask, I am going to tell you my story; and in doing so, I shall be very brief, and speak to the point.

"I was born in New York, and in New York I was reared. My father died when I was quite young, and I was left with my mother and one sister. When I was eighteen, my mother died, and my sister and I were left alone. A precious friend was my sister Kate. She loved me with tireless fondness; and I tried to be worthy of it. We lived for each other, and the thought of other connections did not enter our minds. Our parents had left us with much of worldly wealth—with far more than we knew how to spend—so we were able to live as we pleased. But our domestic arrangement was not long to continue. The dark angel came, and my sister was taken from me. I laid her mortal remains away in the tomb, and then, when I had recovered somewhat from the crushing power of the shock, I went to Europe, where I spent nearly four years. At length I returned; but I had no home. Where should I find another Kate to love me, and to care for me. It was natural that my thoughts should turn upon matrimony. Aye—and I found that other thoughts were turning in the same direction. John Mowbray, with a bank account almost inexhaustible, was a mark for numberless longing desires. I wanted a home—a home of my own—and to that end I must have a wife. Looking back upon my mother and my sister with all the warmth of most devoted veneration, and remembering their unselfish care for me, and their undivided affection, I longed for some one to take their vacant place. But where should I find the spirit I sought? There may have been many such in the great city—there may have been thousands of them hidden away in the lowly abodes of toil and prayerful resignation; but I did not find them. From the throng that surrounded me I turned away heart-sick and weary and came into the country. Fortune led me to Dalebrook. I saw Mallie Atherton—and I saw my angel. I became acquainted with her—I studied her character—and I knew that kind fortune had led me to the prize I sought. I cultivated her friendship, and soon had the blissful assurance that her pure heart was turning towards me. Then I took measures to give her positive proof that my character was good, and that my life-record had been a fair one. It was not until her heart was all mine that I told her the rest.

"And now, my friends, you shall soon know the result. If you have loved Mallie Atherton well, I trust that you will love Mallie Mowbray no less."

And on that evening they were married; and a joyous, happy time we had of it.

Should we lose our Mallie? No. John Mowbray made his home in our quiet village. He built him a mansion in a delightful grove of elms and maples; and he put up new mills upon the stream; and as the years sped on we had more and more occasion to bless the hour that brought the wife-hunter to Dalebrook.

TWO "WISE WOMEN."

Some years ago, Mr. Barton, my husband, was smitten suddenly and hopelessly by that dire disease known as the "Western fever."

At that period business made it imperative that he should undertake a journey to the West.

I had frequent letters from Mr. Barton, and they served to sustain me as the time went on until he had been absent about three months. As it was then time to look for his speedy return, I took the greatest pains in setting my house in nice order, and making everything ready to greet him with the dear accustomed home-look upon his return.

In the midst of these preparations I received a letter from my husband informing me that a splendid opening for business had been offered him in a western city, and that, if I did not too strenuously object to the change, he intended to accept it.

In less than three weeks from the day he came back to us, our home was sold, our furniture fairly given away at auction, our wearing apparel and smaller movables packed, and we ourselves—husband, wife, and a three-year-old baby-boy—on our way to that detested town, which for the sake of individualizing it, on this occasion, I shall call Tyndale.

It is enough to say here, that our enterprise proved most disastrous. My husband's business never answered his expectations, and though it opened moderately well at first, declined even more rapidly, until at last it became a mere nothing. He and my little boy were victims to the horrible "chills and fever," while for myself, I can truly say that all my days in Tyndale were days of pain, and suffering, and ennui. Still I could have borne up bravely had it been well with my husband and child.

It was in our season of deepest depression that a friend—an old acquaintance from the East, then resident in Tyndale—called upon me, and invited me to accompany her and visit the wonderful "wise woman" who had just made her appearance in Tyndale.

Now I had never any, the least, faith in the vaticinations and revelations of the large class of fortune-tellers, astrologers, and clairvoyants, so called. I had despised them as unmitigated humbugs, as dealers in worthless wares, as leeches, preying upon the life-blood of their credulous followers. But I confess I was somewhat inclined to change my opinion on hearing my friend's account of the wonderful revelations of the personage under discussion, and, in addition to this, I felt all the influence of that keen desire which comes to all in seasons of depression and uncertainty, to lift the vail that hides the future, if ever so little, and discover whatever of hope and promise it contained for me.

I did not accompany my friend without solicitation, a good deal of it, but I finally did accompany her, and that not unwillingly.

However, I entered the presence of the clairvoyant, for so she termed herself, with no feelings save those of curiosity mingled with a certain contempt for the woman whom I could not yet admit to be anything but a pretender.

Mrs. Mosely—the name that appeared upon the clairvoyant's cards—came forward to greet us upon our entrance—a tall, fair woman, with beautiful, rippling brown hair, and the sweetest and yet the most powerful expression I had ever seen. In what her power consisted, I could not tell then, nor can I now. Her manners were exceedingly graceful, lady-like and refined.

She received us as one gentlewoman receives another in her own drawing-room, offered us seats, conversed with us for a few moments on general topics, only pausing when our interest flagged. My friend took advantage of this pause to state the object of our visit.

Mrs. Mosely at once seated herself beside my friend. She looked at her calmly, studying her features and expression, noting, as I could see, every sign of temperament, every indication of physical and mental conditions. After a few minutes she began to speak. As she did so, a wonderful change came over her. Her form became rigid. Her face lost every tint of color, and a grayness almost like that of death spread over her features. Her eyes were wide open and dilated as to the globes of them, while the pupils narrowed strangely and assumed the glitter of some mysterious gem. I know I thought as I gazed at them of the occult influences which have been fabulously ascribed to some precious stones.

Her voice was clear, low and soft, its tones having all the murmurous swell and dying fall lent to music by distance, but wonderfully distinct, nevertheless, and flowed on in a pleasant monotony that had all the influence of a spell.

I sat and listened while, in tones like these, she recounted to my friend the events of her past life, and was startled when I detected the perfect accuracy with which she described some that I had known. This recapitulation ended, she began to speak of the future. Here, of course, I could not follow her; but my intellect, stimulated by all I had seen and heard, failed not to acknowledge the perfect logical sequence, the unbroken probabilities of all the events which she predicted. I strove to free myself from the growing belief that all she uttered must prove true. But in vain, while I could see that my friend gave unlimited credence to the whole.

My turn came at last, and I shuddered as I assumed the chair my friend had left, yet could not resist the power that brought me there.

Mrs. Mosely, who meantime had walked about the room, refreshed herself with a glass of ice-water, and paused before the mirror to arrange a stray curl, sat opposite me. Her face wore now its normal aspect and expression, and she looked at me with that same calm and intent gaze which had seemed to pierce the innermost recesses of my friend's being.

At first I revolted at this scrutiny, but not long. Mrs. Mosely began to speak—the same phenomena of change occurring as in my friend's case—and from that moment my attention was riveted by her words, and I forgot to shrink at the pitiless bearing of some of my soul's most treasured secrets.

She told me all—all the story of my happy youth—the quiet comfort of my father's home—the love and tenderness that had bound our household as with a golden circle; she told the tragic story of my first love, and disclosed to me motives of my own and *his* at which I had before but vaguely guessed, and some of which had been utterly hidden.

All the household events—some almost forgotten by me—she narrated, in that sweet, flowing, far-off voice, which seemed descending from the past—births, deaths, marriages, joys and trials, small and great; she told of the gradual healing of that wound, the new love and hopes that sprang up when I met Mr. Barton, our marriage, and the quiet, practical, and not unhappy transit of our married days. And then came the loneliest and saddest episode of all—the short, sweet life, the quick, sharp death of our first-born, the blossom that had nestled a little time in my bosom, and withered there.

Then came the history of our removal to the West—the story of our disappointments, our losses and our sufferings. All true, but so far facts known to myself, and therefore, supposing the claims of the pseudo science of psychology to be real, easily ascertainable by any person able to come into perfect *rapport* with me.

But now Mrs. Mosely, while her form grew more rigid, her face of more livid grayness, and the minute glittering points that marked the pupils of her eyes glowed with strange fire, began to speak of my future.

She had nothing very startling or remarkable to tell. The same inexorable logic, the same entire probability marked her revelations, as in the case of my friend. I rose at the close of the sitting, convinced that she had uttered truth.

Mrs. Mosely dismissed us as quietly and gracefully as she had received us. We returned silently to my home, but when there the spell of our awe was broken by Mr. Barton's laughing comments upon the story he forced us to narrate, and I began to be once more incredulous.

I tried to forget this strange interview, but could not. In vain I called up all my old skepticism; the *impression* remained the same, spite of all my philosophy. Nor did time diminish the force of this impression, for events shaped themselves precisely as the prophetess had indicated. Business improved somewhat, but the continued ill health of all the family compelled its abandonment. Mr. Barton could not consent to sacrifice all our lives to money, and we abandoned our western enterprise, just as our prospects there assumed their most flattering form.

We returned not to our New England home, but to our native city. Here the prophecy of the wise woman received another fulfillment.

For an entire year I lay ill, all thoughts and feelings merged into the one sensation of suffering. Another child was born to us, and my husband struggled bravely in the attempt to build up a business. Then came the fearful crisis of 1857, and in the vortex of general ruin our little all was swallowed up. Early in '58 I returned with my children to my father's house, while my husband, glad to accept *any* honorable occupation, set off upon an agency from which, while separated from his family, he hoped to gain something for their support.

It was during the season of anxiety and trial that preceded the crash that ruined us, that my father banteringly induced me to pay a visit to another "wise woman," whose profession of remarkable powers in foretelling events was then circulated about the city in the form of a hand-bill.

This was but a common fortune-teller, and I went to her merely because I had promised my father to do so, and not with the expectation of hearing anything clothed with the importance and dignity of Mrs. Mosely's revelations. To my astonishment, however, Madame G——'s statements corresponded almost precisely, in fact, though clothed in English that betrayed an utter want of education, with those of Mrs. Mosely. There was but one additional statement, one difference of prediction. Madame told me that in less than three weeks I should be forced to seek the protection of my father's roof while my husband would be absent, and our family and household quite broken up. She then, as Mrs. Mosely had done, warned me of still further and greater trials of poverty, sickness and death, in the household; but predicted that beyond lay a long and happy lapse of years. But, differing from Mrs. Mosely, she told me that I was to become a widow, and again a wife, ere the full tide of my prosperity should be reached.

Three weeks had not elapsed ere, as I have stated, I found myself beneath my father's roof. Many misfortunes followed. My husband's business was pecuniarily successful, but often interrupted. He was ill more than once, dangerously ill, far from home, with heavy expenses that swallowed up months of profits. Another child, bright and beautiful, was born to us, and died in a few short months. I strove and struggled to add my mite to the earnings of my husband, amidst much anxiety and suffering. All the hours were very dark, and it seemed as if no ray of sunshine would ever again illuminate our lives.

But the day of hope, of prosperity dawned again. The dark hour, I think, has been safely passed. As the "wise women" have predicted, prosperity has commenced to return to us. What measure of it we shall attain, I still believe that God only knows; but so far the events of our lives have followed, in long procession, precisely as they foretold. Whence they received their powers, or whether their vaticinations are merely the result of skilful guessing, or are calculations based on seeming probabilities, like the gambler's summary of chances, I cannot tell. But may it not be true that to certain individuals of the human race God has granted power of foreseeing the future, of reading souls and their destiny, far above the ordinary capacity of mankind? I sometimes believe so, when I recur to the events I have narrated.

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CONSCIENCE is a coward, and those faults it has not strength enough to prevent, it seldom has justice enough to accuse.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

OF little human flowers, Death gathers many. He places them upon his bosom, and he is transformed into something less terrific than before. We learn to gaze and shudder not, for he carries in his arms the sweet blossoms of our earthly hopes.

AS, when we have thoughtlessly looked at the sun, our dazzled eyes, though closed, behold it still, so he who is smitten by love beholds, by day and by night, the radiant image of her upon whom he has too rashly gazed.

MORALITY without religion is only a kind of dead-reckoning—an endeavor to find our place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have run, and without any observation of the heavenly bodies.

THOSE who would render their charities useful should judiciously diffuse them. He who would have a good crop must sow with his hand, and not pour out of the sack into one heap.

THE most desirable head-quarters that military men ever have is a summer's encampment in the eyes of the ladies. And they have generally been pretty sure of this retreat, especially after a glorious campaign.

RULERS are generally too fond of display. They seem more anxious to fill the eyes than the stomachs of their people.

WHEN we find ourselves more inclined to persecute than persuade, we may be certain that our zeal has more of pride in it than charity.

A WORD of kindness is seldom spoken in vain, while witty sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping from a broken string.

PEOPLE who cross the ocean for mere pleasure generally conclude, before finishing the voyage, that they are *retched fools*.

"IT is a shame, husband, that I have to sit here mending your old clothes." "Don't say a word about it, wife; the least said the soonest mended."

THE death-smile is the grandest thing in the world. It makes the dark Past an arch of triumph into a radiant Future.

WHEN a young lady sees that a fellow is intent upon sacking her heart's fortress, she had better take the start and sack *him*.

A LADY'S beauty proves sometimes the death of her admirers, and not unfrequently of that very particular admirer—herself.

MEN daily dispatch the lightning to different parts of the world, and are sometimes dispatched by it to another world.

WHEN you hear suspicious persons boast of being the friends of their kind, ask them what sort of kind that is.

STAY awake in church. It is a shame for the church to be made a cemetery, where the living sleep above ground as the dead do beneath.

THE column is an emblem of faith, it springs from earth to heaven; the arch symbolizes mercy—it descends from heaven to earth.

IT is but a step from cunning to knavery; lying makes the whole difference—add that to cunning and it is knavery.

THE stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

IF a woman is truly beautiful, let not her beauty be made dim by the flash of diamonds.

SOME men's mouths seem to be like the dykes of Holland—made to keep out water.

A BELLE doesn't differ so very much from a bell; both have their clappers in their mouths.

PEOPLE would rather take money than give it; the reverse is true of advice.

AN unsexed woman is the most shocking thing in nature, earthquakes not excepted.

THOSE who are always peering into the affairs of their neighbors constitute a very mean sort of Peerage.

POLITENESS is generally *rare*, and certainly it never should be *overdone*.

GIVE work rather than alms to the poor; the former drives out indolence, the latter industry.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A PIRATICAL-looking man on going into a store in Grand street the other day, where a number of American flags were displayed, began to curse and rail at the starry emblem of freedom, and finally spit upon one of the flags; whereupon a lad about seventeen years of age, who was employed in the store, bursting into tears of passion declared he would not see the "stars and stripes" insulted, and "pitching in" to the unpatriotic intruder he gave him a severe castigation before any one could restrain him. His employer gave the boy a fatherly lecture on peace and propriety, and raised his wages twenty-five per cent.

AN old lady, aged seventy years, was shot one day recently, by the accidental discharge of a revolver that a friend who had called in to see her was exhibiting to her grand-children. The owner of the weapon kept saying to the children, "You can handle it with perfect safety, there is no fear of its going off;" but just as the words had left his mouth, one of the barrels of the pistol was discharged in some unaccountable manner, and inflicted a wound upon the grandmother, from the effects of which she died in half an hour.

A COUPLE of boys were fishing the other day in Newtown Creek, and becoming exasperated at each other about something, they got into a fight, which culminated in the attempt of each to drown his antagonist. First one and then the other would get the advantage, and hold his opponent's head under water, and sometimes both would be spluttering beneath the surface together, and it was thought both would have been drowned had not a couple of men separated them.

A GIRL seventeen years of age, living in the southwestern part of this State, having been disappointed in love, and "become weary of life," attempted to hang herself to a beam in her father's barn; but being discovered by her faithless lover, he, as the "exchange" in which we find the account says, "cut her down and married her before life became extinct."

A BOY eight years of age, who had climbed on to the roof of a shed near his father's house in Twenty-second street, one afternoon lately, in attempting to get down from the roof, slipped and fell, and coming down head foremost upon the brick pavement, his skull was fractured and his brain injured so badly that he died in a short time.

A NUMBER of rowdies, at a pic-nic near Fort Hamilton one day not long since, attempted to make a disturbance, and in the course of their outrages insulted the wives of some Germans present, whereupon the latter turned upon them, and avenged the insults to their better-halves by thrashing the rowdies soundly.

ABOUT a dozen canal-boatmen who were ranging the city in company, one night recently, in search of the "elephant," were attacked in a den in Water street by a number of ruffians who infest the place, and a savage fight was the consequence, the boatmen coming off victorious.

A BOY sixteen years of age rode on to the pier at the foot of Sixteenth street the other day when it was overflowed—the tide being at its flood—and his horse getting into deep water, threw him off, and he was drowned.

CHARLES HOGAN, a Maine lumberman, having been disappointed in love—the girl of his heart having married a rival whom he hated—went into the woods, cut down a huge maple tree, threw himself in its way as it was falling, and was crushed to death.

THE overseer of the laborers employed in reducing the grade at Eighth Avenue and Eighty-second street was killed one day recently by the unexpected explosion of a blast, a large stone striking him on the head with great force.

A MAN seventy-two years old was killed by falling upon the knives of a hay-cutter in a large stable up town, while the machine was in operation. He was terribly cut and mangled.

A MAN who was swinging, with his wife, in a swing at Jones's Wood, one day not long since, fell from the swing backwards to the ground, and was injured so badly that he died in a few hours.

A BROOKLYN ferry-boat ran down a canal boat loaded with staves, in the East river, the other day; the canal boat sank, but the staves and crew floated off in safety.

A NUMBER of boys in a row boat on the East River, were run down the other day by a steam tug, one of them being drowned, and a couple of others badly hurt.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1861.

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REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT.

"Republicanism is a failure," say the monarchists of Europe, and now and then a thick-witted, degenerate American echoes the miserable drivel. That crowned heads, and privileged orders that can only exist and flourish in the sunshine of royalty, should view the passing clouds in our political firmament as omens of the speedy and final downfall of Republican institutions, is not surprising. The *wish* is father to the *thought*. Neither is it wonderful that peoples who have been taught for ages to believe that the right to govern is transmitted by descent, should place some faith in this hope-engendered notion of their superiors. But that any American should suppose Republicanism a failure is monstrous—that he should permit such an absurdity to escape his lips, disgraceful alike to his patriotism and his intelligence.

See what free institutions have done for our country since it cut the ligament that bound it to a throne. Its career has been the miracle of history. It may be said, perhaps, that England, too, has made great progress during the same period. But how? Simply because her government has progressed in liberality—because popular privileges have been extended within her borders—because she has approximated more nearly every year, the institutions and the policy of which some of her wiseacres now predict the overthrow. Our example has given a moral force to the political suggestions and demands of her people, which the crown and the aristocracy have not found it prudent to resist, and to which they have from time to time yielded more and more, as the pressure increased. In all human probability, the rotten borough system would now exist in England if universal suffrage had never been introduced in America.

The ameliorations of despotic rule which have taken place in various parts of Europe during the present century are due to the same cause. They have all been indirect concessions to the Republican principle. The "great awakening" of the transatlantic millions commenced with the commencement of our independence, and the roused Many have been ever since becoming more formidable to the privileged Few. From *us* the former have drunk light, hope and encouragement—from *us* the latter have learned the danger of carrying tyranny to extremes. If there had been no United States, there had been no United Italy, and millions of Russian serfs would now be grovelling in their chains.

For eighty years a glorious political revolution, sometimes silent, sometimes turbulent, has been going on in all parts of Europe. Its march has been occasionally checked and suspended, but never stopped. What set and kept the ball in motion? The establishment and maintenance of American Independence; the example of our success and of our prosperity. "Revolutions," said a profound thinker, "never go backward." This revolution toward the right is as sure to progress as the sun to shine. The hand of God is visible in it, and to doubt it is to doubt Him.

We do not believe that monarchy can survive the universal diffusion of such knowledge as the present systems of public education in enlightened Christian countries are designed to impart. Schoolcraft will ultimately kill kingcraft. When there shall be no ignorance there will be no kings, and royalty of mind will constitute the "right divine" to govern, instead of "royal blood."

It is true that Republicanism has its drawbacks. No form of human government can be perfect. But it has this vast advantage over monarchism, that it is not *inherently vicious*, and therefore is not necessarily incapable of securing the "greatest good of the greatest number." On the contrary, the Republican system of government is, in *principle* and *theory*, natural, pure and noble, and with the growth of popular intelligence and public virtue, its practical working must continually improve.

THE PANIC.

The recent panic in our army, so similar in character to the panic which seized the French and Sardinians at Solferino, reminds us of that still more renowned panic which took possession of both the Russian troops and their enemies the Tartar hordes, four hundred years ago, on the banks of the Oka. This extraordinary event is well authenticated, and is probably unparallelled in the history of war.

A vast army of Tartars, some three hundred thousand in number, under their chieftain Akhmet, marched for the invasion of Russia. They passed from the Volga to the Don, and ascended the valley of this river, spreading ruin along a path many miles in width. About the middle of October they reached the banks of the Oka, where they found a Russian army, two hundred thousand strong, under the Emperor Ivan III., prepared to resist them. These two immense armies thus met, face to face, with only the waters of that narrow stream to separate them.

The formidable weapons of modern warfare were then unknown. Swords, arrows, javelins, clubs, axes, battering-rams and catapults were then the most potent instruments which men used for the destruction of their fellow-men. For a fortnight the two armies fought on the opposite banks of the stream, hurling at each other all their missiles of war, and each fearing greatly lest the antagonistic army should effect a passage.

A cold night in November came, and the stream was covered with ice. Some movement which was made in the Tartar ranks led the Russians to think that the foe, at midnight, were about to cross the stream. The panic spread from rank to rank. The night was dark. The tumult in the camp indicated that the enemy was already upon them, and the whole Russian army, in a state of indescribable confusion, commenced its flight.

The Tartars heard the commotion, and supposed that the Russians were coming upon them in a midnight assault. Terror spread also through their ranks. The wildest uproar arose, and forsaking tents and baggage, they commenced their flight. Two hundred thousand men fled in one direction, and three hundred thousand in the other. Such vast armies cover leagues of country—and those in the van supposed the terror-stricken fugitives in the rear to be pursuing foes. Thus was presented the unprecedented aspect of two armies, horsemen and footmen, numbering in the aggregate five hundred thousand men flying in indescribable dismay from each other.

It was a semi-barbaric age, and there were no facilities for the transmission of intelligence. The Russians did not venture to stop to breathe until they had retreated two hundred miles, and had taken refuge behind the walls of Moscow. The flight of the Tartars was not arrested until they reached their strongholds, three hundred miles distant, on the banks of the Volga.

The Russians, instead of being ashamed of their panic, have ever attributed this, their singular escape from Tartar invasion, to the direct interposition of God in answer to the prayers of the clergy. Karumsin, the most illustrious of the historians of the empire, writes in reference to it:

"Shall men, vain and feeble, celebrate the terror of their arms? No! it is not to the might of earth's warriors,—it is not to human wisdom that Russia owes her safety, but only to the goodness of God."

GENERALSHIP.

Military skill does not come by nature, any more than reading and writing, whatever some political Dogberries may think to the contrary. War is an art, based upon mathematics and other exact sciences, and although mental endowments of a high and peculiar character are the requisite elements of military greatness, no man, be his natural capacity what it may, can become a great captain without a knowledge of the principles of martial art, and of the best methods of applying them. Even with all the aids afforded by profound study and long practical experience, the most sagacious commander cannot always achieve success. He is necessarily dependent upon subordinates for the execution of his plans. In the field, as on the chess-board, one false move may mar the best laid scheme of operations, and the movements of a campaign, unlike those of a game of chess, which are executed by the principals alone, are confided in part to instruments who may or may not be equal to the tasks allotted to them. It may be said, perhaps, that a man worthy to be called an eminent military leader should possess sufficient knowledge of human nature to select capable and trustworthy agents, and none other; but history shows that the wisest commanders have made terrible mistakes in their estimates of men in whom they placed implicit confidence. Washington had faith in Lee and Arnold, yet the one proved a poltroon at Monmouth, and the other did his utmost to sell his country. Napoleon the First regarded Grouchy as his right hand, and yet through Grouchy's defection or incompetency, he was overwhelmed at Waterloo, and the imbecile Bourbon replaced upon the throne of France; and Scott made a similar error in the case of the notorious Patterson. Instances of a like kind abound in the annals of war. The talents and skill of a veteran commander who has done noble service for his country, should not suffer in public estimation because of the shortcomings of those entrusted with the consummation of his well laid plans.

THE HARVEST.

From the whole agricultural region of our country there comes good tidings of the ripening crops. The cereals and Indian corn cover a larger area this year, by more than one fourth, than was ever before sown and planted with these great staples of commerce and of life. The seed has thriven and the increase will be abundant. While war is dissipating the hoarded wealth of the country, an unforgetful God is blessing the peaceful fields of the husbandman, and providing, with benevolent forecast, for the extraordinary exigencies of the people. The consequences of a general failure of the harvest, at the present crisis, would have been frightful. Let us be thankful, then, that, at a time so momentous, the fields nod with gold more precious than was ever dug from mine or gathered on placer, and that Famine cannot follow in the track of War.

NEWSBOYS KEEPING IT UP.

We have long had morning papers, evening papers, weekly papers, and semi-weekly papers; but to these must now be added middle-of-the-night papers. It is certainly a novel thing to hear newsboys waking the echoes and the people at one o'clock in the morning, by crying an extra. It is rather curious to see night-capped heads thrust out of second-story windows at that unseasonable hour, and to hear shrill voices issuing therefrom, hailing the swift boy before he can get round the corner. It is also pleasing to observe respectable, not to say portly citizens, rushing out of front doors in a costume of the lightest possible description, eager to secure a copy of the precious paper. And then the lighting of the gas with trembling fingers, the gathering together of the household, the reading of the news with moist eyes and choking voice! Curtain falls.

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—The *Courant* relates that a pious swindler obtained board at No. 34 Windsor street, representing himself as a theological student, and after borrowing several articles of jewelry of the ladies, left on Monday without paying his board or returning the jewelry.

The above we copy from the Evening *Press*, of Hartford, because it reminds us of a "pious"—or, as we should say, sanctimonious—individual from the same city who called upon us some time ago, and after congratulating us upon the great success of the LEDGER, and stating how many friends we had in Hartford, and how many admirers the paper had, solicited a donation from us to help along his church. We promptly gave him one hundred dollars. He subsequently wrote a note to us in which he supplicatingly solicited another donation. This time, for sufficient reasons, we did not deem it our duty to give him any more money. Lately, we are informed, this same man has been sneering at the LEDGER, on account of an article that appeared in our columns which he applied to himself. We leave our readers to judge for themselves, on this mere naked statement of the facts in the case, of the character of such conduct on the part of a clergyman. Lest some other minister in Hartford should be blamed, we will state that the man to whom we refer is Rev. T. S. Childs.

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REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT, the distinguished historian and biographer, whose "Life of Napoleon" has attained such celebrity, has been engaged by us to contribute a number of historical sketches to the LEDGER. He begins the series in this paper, with an interesting sketch entitled, "A Napoleonic Campaign." The accession of REV. MR. ABBOTT to the already numerous corps of distinguished writers who contribute to the LEDGER, will be welcomed by the many who have been entertained by his spirited works. On one point all will agree: whatever Mr. Abbott writes is always readable.

A NAPOLEONIC CAMPAIGN.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

In the middle of the month of October, 1805, the Emperor Napoleon was with his magnificent army at Boulogne, preparing for the invasion of England. Secretly Austria and Russia entered into a coalition with England against him, and prepared to assail him in the rear. Five hundred thousand allied troops were immediately on the march, for the invasion of France, without any declaration of war. Of these, 250,000 were Austrians, 200,000 Russians, 50,000 English, Swedes and Neapolitans. There were also 200,000 Prussians, formidably armed and disciplined, eager to join the coalition upon the first reverse which should attend the French arms. To meet these armies of combined Europe, Napoleon had but 186,000 combatants, 38,000 of whom were horsemen.

The allies supposed that they were moving in secrecy, and that they were to strike their victim by surprise. But a vigilant eye was watching them. The moment the Austrian troops commenced their march, by the invasion of Bavaria, Napoleon's ally, he put the seal of silence upon all the avenues of information, and, by means of 20,000 carriages which he had in readiness, transported his army, with almost the speed of the whirlwind, across France, passed both the Rhine and the Danube, and planted his batteries in the rear of the division of 80,000 Austrians who had entered the Bavarian Kingdom. The retreat of the foe was thus cut off, and he was separated from his supplies and could hope for no aid. The Austrians could not have been more amazed had an army descended from the skies.

As Napoleon was thus rapidly concentrating his troops in the rear of the foe, he wrote to Talleyrand:

"The Austrians are in the defiles of the Black Forest. God grant that they may remain there. My only fear is that we shall frighten them too much. If they allow me to gain a few more marches I shall have completely turned them. Forbid the newspapers to make any more mention of the army than if it did not exist."

Napoleon seemed to be omnipresent. Night and day, almost without food or sleep, he was on horseback, galloping from post to post. For eight days and nights of incessant rain, the Emperor had not taken off his boots, or even thrown himself upon a couch for rest. One night Napoleon overtook a brigade of his soldiers on the march. Gathering them around him, as a father would assemble his children, he explained to them minutely the situation of the enemy, and the manœuvres by which he hoped to gain a triumphant and a bloodless victory. He had no fear that there would be a single deserter to betray his trust. As he put spurs to his horse and disappeared in the darkness, a burst of irrepressible enthusiasm cheered him on his way.

In less than three weeks 30,000 of the Austrians were taken captive, and 36,000 more were trembling behind the ramparts of Ulm, all possibility of escape being cut off. The batteries of the French were placed upon the adjacent heights, and now and then a shell fell into the city, portentious of the approaching storm. Gen. Mack, in despair, sent Prince Maurice to the Emperor with a flag of truce. The Prince, as was customary on such occasions, was conducted through the lines of the French army to the Emperor's head-quarters blindfolded. When the bandages were removed he found himself in the presence of Napoleon, in a storm-torn tent, through which the rain dripped freely. The Emperor stood upon a loose board, which alone protected his feet from the water which deluged the plain. Nothing remained for the Austrians but unconditional surrender.

The next day was clear, cold and brilliant, when a scene was witnessed seldom parallelled in the annals of war. Thirty-six thousand Austrians marched out from the city and laid down their arms before the conqueror. Napoleon stood upon the hill-side, before a camp-fire, as the melancholy procession defiled before him. In generous terms he said to the officers, humiliated and grief-stricken:

"Gentlemen—war has its chances. Often victorious, you must expect sometimes to be vanquished. Your master wages against me an unjust war. I say it candidly, I know not for what I am fighting."

The exultation of the French army was boundless. Sixty-six thousand prisoners, two hundred pieces of cannon, ninety standards, and an immense amount of military stores had been taken in a campaign of twenty days, and with the loss of but fifteen hundred men. A few thousands only of the great army of invasion had escaped, in fugitive bands, through the defiles of the mountains.

But astounding as was this success, the French army was still in imminent peril. But 80,000 of the 500,009 of their foes had been captured or dispersed. Alexander of Russia was hurrying down through the plains of Poland, at the head of 116,000 troops. Dense columns of Austrians, numbering 70,000 from Italy and the Tyrol, were making forced marches to combine with the Russians. A Hungarian army, 80,000 strong, was goaded forward to join the enemies of France. Thirty thousand English troops, landed in Hanover, united with Swedish and Neapolitan auxiliaries, were hastening to the scene of conflict. The Queen of Prussia had also effected an interview between her husband, Frederic William, and the Emperor of Russia. The two sovereigns met at midnight, in the tomb of Frederic the Great at Pottsdam, and over the remains of the great warrior pledged their mutual faith against France. Prussia placed her army of 200,000 men at the service of the allies. Napoleon was nearly five hundred miles distant from his capital, and all Europe deemed him ruined beyond redemption. His only safety lay in attacking his vastly out-numbering foes before they could concentrate.

"Forward to Vienna," was the command. It was an audacious march of nearly four hundred miles farther into the very heart of the enemies' country, regardless of impregnable fortresses and swarming armies upon his right hand and his left.

"If Napoleon," says his brother Louis, "in his bold and often hazardous actions, seemed to calculate wholly on his good fortune, no person seemed to leave less to accident in the conception of his plans. He always considered things under every imaginable aspect. And though he never, or scarcely ever experienced reverses, he was in every enterprise, prepared beforehand for whatever might happen."

At the command "Forward to Vienna," the whole French army moved resistlessly on, sweeping the valley of the Danube like an inundation. All Austria was terror-stricken. The panic in Vienna was dreadful, as each day the resistless host drew nearer. On the morning of the 13th of November the eagles of France glittered upon the hights which surrounded the Austrian capital. Resistance was hopeless. The Emperor Francis, with a fragment of his army, had fled to the north, seeking the protection of Russia. A deputation of citizens waited upon Napoleon, imploring his clemency, and surrendering to him the keys of the city. No private property was allowed to be touched. But the government chests and arsenals, filled to repletion with the munitions of war, fell into the hands of the victor. One hundred thousand muskets, two thousand cannon, and military supplies of every kind replenished the stores of the French.

In forty days the Emperor had transported an army of 90,000 men from the shores of the ocean to the remote capital of Vienna. His descent of the Danube was a continued battle and a continued victory. But his situation now seemed more perilous than ever before. Detachments which he had been forced to leave by the way, to protect his lines of communication, had dwindled his available troops, whom he could lead into battle, to but 70,000 men. Armies in his vicinity, amounting to 350,000 men, were straining every nerve to concentrate and destroy him. He paused for a moment to decide where to strike his first blow, and then fixing his eyes upon the legions of Alexander crowding down through the defiles of the Carpathian mountains, and who were soon to be joined by the Emperor Francis and his routed troops, he gave again the order for the onward march.

The blasts of winter already swept the hills whitened with snow. But the indomitable host eagerly following their leader, plunged into the wilderness of the north, until they disappeared from the observation of France. On the 1st of December, the French, 70,000 in number, met the Russians and Austrians, 100,000 strong, on the field of Austerlitz, more than a thousand miles from the capital of France. The conflict was short and terrible. Alexander and Francis, from an adjacent eminence, witnessed the discomfiture and almost the annihilation of their united army. Accompanied by a few guards, they joined the fugitives and fled from the gory field.

A flag of truce, borne by the hand of Prince John of Austria, was sent to Napoleon imploring an armistice. It was readily granted, and the next morning the Emperor Francis repaired to an appointed place for an interview with Napoleon. He found the French Emperor standing by a camp fire built by the side of a wind-mill, which alone protected him from the wind which swept the frozen hills.

"I receive you," said Napoleon, "in the only palace which I have inhabited for the last two months."

"You have made such good use of that habitation," Francis replied, "that it ought to be agreeable to you."

The terms of peace were soon concluded both with Austria and Russia. When the Emperor Francis had withdrawn, Napoleon walked for some time thoughtfully before the fire, and was overheard to say:

"I have acted very unwisely. I could have followed up my victory, and have taken the whole of the Russian and Austrian armies. They are both entirely in my power. But—let it be. It will at least cause some less tears to be shed."

Napoleon returned with the utmost rapidity to Paris, leaving the army to follow by easy marches, which occupied three months.

In the Place Vendôme, in Paris, there stands a monumental obelisk in bronze, reared in honor of the army which achieved this wonderful campaign. The monument is constructed of cannon taken from the enemy. It was the design of Napoleon to have the summit crowned by a statue of peace. But the nation decided that the statue of Napoleon, whose genius had dispersed the armies of combined despotisms, should surmount this trophy of his own achievements. When the allies subsequently drove Napoleon from France, and reinstated the Bourbons, they hurled the statue of the Emperor from its proud elevation. But the French nation have again replaced it upon the summit of the shaft, and there it will remain until that monument shall crumble to the dust.

NURSERY THOUGHTS.

One of the oddest things about very little children is their passion for hearing the same story told in succession any dozen times within an hour; and their positive refusal of the alteration of a word in the narration, which, by the way, they are lynx-eyed to detect. It is quite worth while to watch the face of a little one, listening to the favorite "story." To mark the flitting expressions of the face, the mirthful kindling of the eye, or the tragic little scowl, when the dish of appetising horrors is brought on. All this pastime is well *once in a while*, but still it remains that a child so quickly moved, should not be unduly excited, in this way, particularly just before retiring to rest, when uneasy dreams may be the consequence. A bright child is a great temptation to the child-experimentalist, if I may apply this term to those fond of studying them. Such do not always remember how delicate is the brain, thus stimulated for a passing amusement. It is hard to keep from talking with an interesting child, or answering the questions it industriously propounds. The trouble is, that such children rarely care for the usual active sports of children, preferring above all others this brain-amusement. A wise parent or guardian will see *the little grave in prospective*, and be warned in time. And how the little creatures will plead to "sit up," when their eyes are heavy with sleep, and their heads are swaying about like flowers on their stems. How valorously they will deny it all, and strain open the languid eye, and do anything—everything but succumb to the ignominious trundle-bed or crib—and how gratefully happy are they for a respite as they lay in your lap, listening to the pleasant parlor-hum of voices. It is only a very conscientious person, or a child-hater, who can decisively introduce them to the abhorred night-gown at this interesting crisis. Alas! it is so hard to love a child *wisely*. It is so hard to refuse that which gratifies so much, even when we know it is harmful. And what a marvel that we see so many children as we do, grow up healthy, and happy, and good, in spite of that miscalled "fondness" for them, which is too apt suddenly to evaporate, when this injudicious indulgence brings forth its legitimate fruits—petulance and obstinacy. FANNY FERN.

A COMMON TROUBLE.

It is very well that every couple do not wait to be married, till Mrs. Grundy, and the world in general, sign the certificate of approval. It is curious how few couples ever do it, without a clamor being raised by somebody, as to the "unfitness of it" on one side or the other. It is curious how much intermeddling there will be in such matters, by people who would not really lift a Samaritan finger to save either from destruction, if they needed help. It is curious why people cannot attend more to their own business than to that of their neighbors; and it is curious when we know that every neighborhood produces just this nuisance crop, that we cannot learn to cultivate the flowers of life, and let these noxious weeds spring up and die at their leisure, without the notice of our resentment. FANNY FERN.

THE WATERING-PLACES.

As the LEDGER predicted in the spring, these convenient places for fooling away money are in a forlorn condition. When business flourishes, and the money market is easy, Newport, Saratoga, Nahant, and Cape May are saucy with prosperity, and their Bonifaces wax fat and haughty. But when discounts are hard to get at the banks, and outside "accommodation" cannot be obtained for less than two per cent. a month, when trade languishes and profits are *nix*, then the hotels at the "fashionable summer resorts" get what is called in Kentucky, "a lofty fall."

THOUGHTS AS THEY OCCUR.—No. 90.

BY ONE WHO KEEPS HIS EYES AND EARS OPEN.

WEEDS.—CHAPTER I.

While Mr. *Vattemaire* is philanthropically busy in promoting exchanges between civilized nations of all manner of documents, books, charts, maps, and the whole apparatus of learning and literature, he has been anticipated in the vegetable kingdom, where a system of exchanges has long been going on. The time is not far distant when there will be collected at the great Botanic gardens of Europe every species of the vegetable kingdom of the globe.

Commerce, likewise, is exchanging the fruits, the vegetables, the cereal grain, the grasses of the different continents. But, besides these international exchanges, there has been a large business going on in the importation of *weeds*. It is a remarkable fact that by far the largest number of those vexatious weeds, which keep the gardener's hoe and the farmer's plough agoing, are of foreign origin.

Such is the detestable *mayweed*, or dog-fennel, which seems endowed with supernatural power of incense. In the morning, when the air is moist, and dew lies heavy on the plant, we used, when living in Indiana, to be sickened with the fetid odor which filled the air in a way only equalled by the Alanthus tree. The ox-eye daisy came to us from over the waters, and a right fair-faced weed it is, without fault, except that of being out of place. Few flowers are more interesting than this, which fences in its golden bosom with pure white petals, and holds up to the sun a face so simple and modest that every one who does not own the mowing lot must rejoice in it.

The *Canada Thistle*, execrable, and forever to be detested! hateful to sight or touch; this *enfant de diable* did not come from Canada, but from Europe. It has a malignant vitality. Its roots mine and creep underground, and its seeds multiply and fly endlessly above ground. The vexed farmer has to fight them as one does guerillas, one by one. No thanks to Europe for *that* pest. That one abomination neutralizes scores of good gifts. What if we did receive books, literature, arts, laws?—if with them we had to take Canada Thistles! Linnæus pronounced it the greatest pest of the earth, in Sweden, and it has not degenerated since his day. Dr. Darlington, in his history of weeds, has given to this species the name, *Cursed Thistle*. Amen! Few botanical terms will be pronounced more heartily. Some scrupulous persons may doubt the morality of such vegetable swearing. They cannot have had Canada Thistles in their grain and grass fields. We have no doubt in our own mind that this is the very thistle that came up to punish our first parents. It carries judgment and punishment with it to this day, both to man and beast. To have these thistles on a farm, without effort at extirpation, ought to be as disgraceful as to have vermin on the body.

The *mullein* is foreign. Not a very troublesome weed, and quite a pretty flower. It indicates poor soil, but can be persuaded to grow on good ones. It has the air and manner of many worthless gentlemen, who stand spindling around among useful people, mild, harmless, soft and respectable.

The *plantain* is a foreigner—two species. It is called by the Indian, the *white man's foot*, from the fact that it seems to emigrate with him the world over. The leaves are sometimes used for greens, and the long flower stalks are used by boys for switches. We know of no other civilized use to which it is put. By the force of association it has become offensive to the eye. It spoils our turf borders, mars the lawns, and shoots up its great ox-eared leaves just wherever you don't want them.

The golden *butter-cup* is also foreign. Beautiful, but useless, it represents not a few fair forms and faces. For the credit of America we are happy to be able to say, that the garden weed *purslane* is not a native. Those who have reared garden-flowers know how abundant it is; how tenacious of life; and how it always breaks off when you attempt to pull it up, obliging you to dig your fingers into the soil and nip the culprit by the neck, in order to get out the deep, spreading roots.

Many will be surprised to know that the *Dandelion* (*dent-de-leon*, or lion's tooth) is a foreigner. It is our most favorite weed. In the spring we greet it with annually increasing pleasure. It is not of much harm, and produces such a cheery, radiant effect with its bright and happy face nestled in the green grass, that we are sorry to call it a weed. But there are too many other names in this weedy catalogue for one article, to say nothing of the profoundly interesting moral reflections which we intend to weave in. So prepare for another chapter of weeds.

LEGAL GIBBERISH.

There is a chance that legal phraseology and common sense may one day be reconciled Within the last twenty years the forms of legal proceedings have been weeded of much of their senseless verbiage. It is no longer considered necessary to specify in a criminal indictment that a murder or a deadly assault has been committed in twenty different ways, with as many different weapons, when the manner of its perpetration is known, and the instrument used is in the possession of the authorities. Legal documents are now, as a general thing, tolerably intelligible to people out of the profession, and laws are not the intricate puzzles that they used to be. This is well; but much remains to be done in the way of clarification, before the statutes that govern us and the proceedings under them shall be in all cases so easy of comprehension that he who runs may read. There is no logical reason why they should not be so. On the contrary, common justice requires that the laws for the infraction of which men are punished should be clear to their understandings—so clear as to need no professional translators. Legal fictions are an abuse of the ends and purposes of legislation, and quite as pernicious and reprehensible as any other class of falsehoods. We hope to see the day when they shall be abolished utterly.

VERDANT AMBITION.

There is a tendency, at the present day, not to be sufficiently deprecated, to consider the old-fashioned virtues things to be sneered down, as unworthy this enlightened age. The persons who do this are generally they who desire a respectable mantle to cover evil thoughts and evil deeds. Persons who are not quite prepared to lose the respect of intelligent, upright friends, and yet have a foolish ambition to be considered defiantly knowing in wickedness, by a class unrecognizable in decent society. You will sometimes hear such an one remark, with a lofty sweeping away of the old landmarks of integrity—Oh, nobody inquires about a man's character now-a-days; if one goes into that, his list of acquaintances would be few indeed. Heaven give *us* the "few" then! We care not what talent soever a man or woman may possess, if the feeling above expressed finds voice through it. No superstructure how dazzling soever, built on this corrupt foundation, has any charm for us. And if there is one sight more disgusting than another, it is such verdant attempts in a young man to show himself, as he calls it, "superior to the prejudices of the age." FANNY FERN.

LUTIE.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

She hath caught the fair splendor,
She hath heard the low, tender
Melodious warble at Heaven's high gate,
And, she saith, I am weary,
The night falleth dreary;
Dear Saviour, that loves me,
I know thou dost wait—
I know thou dost wait in the valley of shadow
By the River that flows past the Beautiful Gate.

Her Babe on her bosom—
(Oh, pale little blossom!)
We folded her hands in a solemn repose,
Then fell we aweeping
For her visionless sleeping,
As the long, heavy night-watches drew to a close,
Yea, with the red warning
Of the beautiful morning
We left her with death in a lovely repose. * * * *

THE △ TRIAD;

OR,

ARNOLD THE TRAITOR.

A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION

BY LIEUT. HENRY L. LANGFORD

CHAPTER XXI.

THE START.

On the morning of the eighteenth of September, a military party crossed the River Hudson.

Among them might be seen the clouded face of Arnold, the gay features of Lafayette, and the majestic brow of Washington—names which to future ages were to symbolize the opposite extremes of glory and of infamy.

There the river wound along in glory, its broad blue surface ruffled by the gentle morning breeze into innumerable waves, which flashed in glistening radiance. Here and there a boat crossed its suface. The shores of West Point were a few miles up the river, and in the distance were the dark outlines of the majestic Highlands.

The company crossed over in Arnold's barge. They were on their way to Hartford to meet the French General. All were in high spirits, for all hoped that there would now be a speedy combination between the French and American forces, and that the war would meet with a quick termination.

"It was a good thing that the spy was caught yesterday, General," said Lafayette, addressing Arnold.

"Yes."

"He will meet with no mercy."

"He deserves none."

"And yet how unfortunate it is that so fine a fellow should commit such a crime."

"It is indeed."

"I am told that you were a great friend of his."

"I was. It pained me much to commit him to the authorities."

"I should think it must have; but duty must be done."

"Yes—and his example will strike terror into others."

"Of whom there are many," said Lafayette, "who are even now plotting in secret—many who are but little suspected."

Arnold looked at Lafayette, with a half suspicion that his own secret was penetrated.

But Lafayette turned to the others.

"The prisoner will be tried to-day," said Hamilton.

"Who will preside?"

"General Arnold."

"I presume there will be others also?"

"Probably Putnam."

"Has anything further come to light?"

"No more than what General Arnold discovered."

"The witnesses I presume are all well cared for?"

"Yes. There is no danger of their escaping, or being tampered with."

"Then let treason be punished, say I—and may all traitors come to the same end."

"Amen," said Arnold in a firm, strong voice.

"I wonder where the French fleet with Guichen is," said Hamilton. "It is true that something was heard about them. They are expected off the coast every day."

Washington stood looking through his spy glass at the English war vessel, the Vulture, which lay at anchor some distance down the stream.

Suddenly Lafayette turned full upon Arnold.

"General Arnold!" he exclaimed, "since you have a correspondence with the enemy, you must obtain information as soon as possible what has become of Guichen."

Arnold was thunderstruck. For a moment he thought that all was known, and that they had chosen this way of charging him with his atrocious crime. All the time that Washington was looking at the Vulture Arnold appeared uneasy and full of concern. This last remark from Lafayette almost overcame him.

"What do you mean?" he faltered.

Lafayette, however, explained that he referred to a correspondence which Arnold kept up with Robinson, a Loyalist, whose estates had been confiscated. This scarcely made Arnold any more at ease, for this correspondence was part of his intercourse with André.

His evident embarrassment was noticed, but it was attributed to various causes, and no one dreamed of suspecting him. But now all his plans were on the very eve of execution, and the slightest thing might disturb them all. No wonder that he showed anxiety and embarrassment. No wonder that in the presence of these noble soldiers, his old, faithful brethren in arms, his soul should have shrunk back, and quaked with a thousand guilty fears.

At length they passed over and went on their way.

With feelings of infinite relief, Arnold prepared to finish his plans.

On the previous day Gondo had been dispatched to New York, and at the time when the military party was crossing the Hudson in Arnold's boat, Gondo was conversing with André.

"I wish this troublesome business were over," said the British officer.

"It would be well if it were."

"I hope I will not be disappointed again."

"Your former disappointment was not owing to any fault in General Arnold."

"Certainly not. I do not blame him."

"This time there will be more success."

"What does he propose?"

"To meet you on board the Vulture."

"When?"

"On the twentieth of September."

"That is a very convenient time. Are all his arrangements made?"

"All that he has to make have been ready for a long time. Their final execution has been postponed from day to day."

"And now all is ready?"

"Yes all. The last obstacle is removed, and Washington is gone."

"Washington gone?—To Hartford?"

"Yes."

"That is fortunate—and it is important news also."

"It is for us."

"When will he be back?"

"On the Saturday following I believe."

"Ah—there will be plenty of time for action."

"Yes, but promptness is necessary."

"I am aware of that, and no fault will be found with me."

"You have always been very prompt."

"Who is at West Point now?"

"A new Captain—Arnold put him there."

"Where is young Temple?"

"He was appointed to the command of a new company," said Gondo, who knew the horror which André would feel if he learned the truth. So he concealed the real fate of Temple.

"Where is the Vulture?"

"In the old place."

"She has not been compelled to move again then?"

"No, she has been unmolested."

"That is well. But I wish she were further up."

"She would find it impossible to stay there if she went."

"I suppose so."

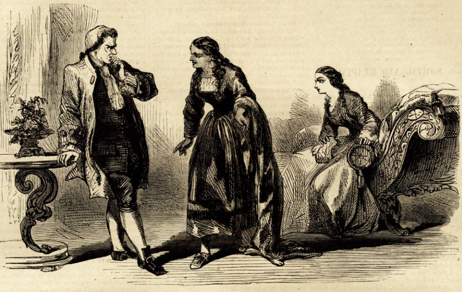
"They could fire upon her easily from the shore. As it is she is comparatively safe."

In a few moments Gondo retired, leaving André alone with his thoughts.

The young officer drew from his bosom the cherished locket. Opening it, he looked at it for a while with ardent affection in his eyes. Then he pressed it fervently to his lips, murmuring the words—

"Dear, loved Honora!"

"I wish this despicable business were over," he ejaculated, after a while. I fear that it will not end as I hope. May Providence befriend me. How can I treat that cursed traitor with common civility? and yet I must meet him. I cannot shrink now. I must go on and meet the end, whatever it may be."



ULY'S SUDDEN CONVERSION OF THE TORY WELLS.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE PROPOSAL.

Gondo had usually made his appearance in New York in the rude dress of a common Indian. He now wished to visit Clara, however, so he obtained a civilian's dress and called on her.

She seemed surprised to see him, and received him with coldness.

He asked the usual questions after her health and her father. She replied briefly.

But this man had now come upon a definite errand, and was not to be put off or deterred either by coldness or rudeness. He pretended not to see her evident repugnance, and forbore to take any hints which she gave of her desire to be alone.

He sat upon the opposite side of the room, and looked at her with a fixed and earnest stare. The wild blood of the Indian was strong in this man, and a civilized education and the stern discipline of the camp were powerless to change him. It had given him an outward polish; it had enabled his tongue to shape aright the English language, and fitted him to mingle in society; but the fierce nature of the savage lurked behind it all untamed.

Before the steady stare of those black and lustrous eyes Clara felt uncomfortable in spite of herself. In vain she sat in different attitudes, or turned her face away. She felt them.

Yet Gondo had no intention of annoying her. He was engrossed in his thoughts, and was scarcely conscious of what he did.

At length he appeared to have settled upon a plan of action.

Rising from his seat, he moved his chair nearer to hers.

She recoiled from him, but he did not complain.

"Miss Wells," said he, in a deep voice, "I have called upon you on a special errand."

Clara looked annoyed, but finding that there was no escape, she endeavored to submit to the inevitable conversation.

"You will not be surprised to learn that I have long entertained for you the warmest sentiments of regard. I think that my whole manner has shown it."

Clara looked at him with surprise.

"Indeed I should not have supposed so," said she, with chilling indifference. "I have never seen, and certainly have never encouraged such sentiments."

"I have had them, nevertheless."

"I beg, sir," said Clara, rising, "that you will select some other subject. I absolutely refuse to listen to anything of this kind. It is unpleasant to me, and I wish you to desist."

"Will you not listen to me?"

"I do not wish to. I refuse to——"

"Common civility should prompt you to hear what I have to say."

"Common civility, sir, should teach you not to press upon a lady a conversation which is annoying."

"There is no reason why it should be so."

"Since it is so, I hope you will not ask for any reasons."

"The least that you can do is to listen to me. If you will not, then there are other things that may induce you to consent."

"Do you threaten me?"

"Not at all. I say that there are motives which I can bring forward to induce you to listen to me."

"No motives can lead me to listen to any such proposal as this from you."

"None?"

"No, none."

"Not the life-blood of him whom you call your lover?" cried Gondo, starting to his feet, with flashing eyes and speaking with startling earnestness.

"What do you mean?" cried Clara.

"I mean that his life is in danger!" cried Gondo.

"How?"

"He is in prison."

"Where?"

"Near West Point."

"What for?"

"The worst of reasons."

"Beware, sir. You have slandered him once before, and I have had cause to repent that I ever listened to you."

"I spoke the truth then, and I speak it now."

"If this is no truer than that, I do not wish to listen."

"This is true. I swear it by all——"

"Stop, sir—do not perjure yourself. It is unnecessary."

"Do you not want to know how he is situated?"

Clara did not answer.

"As true as you are sitting in that chair, Henry Temple is in prison."

"What for?"

"As a *spy!*"

"A *spy!*" cried Clara, indignantly. "Now I do not believe you. I have proved you once before to be a false man, who never stopped at any statement that suited your purpose."

"I saw him arrested. I saw the warrant. It was signed by Washington."

"Washington is his friend. That is impossible."

"It is true, nevertheless. He has been accused of the most terrible crimes, and the proof was so strong that Washington had to arrest him."

"What crimes?"

"Why, of open and secret communication with the enemy, of murders, of treasons of every kind."

"You over-reach your mark," said Clara. "Now I know that this is false, for a charge like this would never be listened to for a moment against a young and gallant officer."

"Do you happen to know that there has been much treasonable correspondence going on of late?"

"I have heard some rumors."

"Did you ever hear of a band called the 'Triad?'"

"I did."

"Do you know their character?"

"Yes."

"It is murderous and treacherous, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, Captain Temple is accused of being the traitor who carried on this treasonable correspondence, and also of being the head of the 'Triad.'"

Clara looked aghast.

"So you see," said Gondo, "this charge amounts to treason, murder, and other crimes, any one of which would be capital."

"There's no proof, even allowing that the charge was made."

"There is much proof."

"Who can maintain the charge?"

"His chief accuser."

"Yourself, I suppose?"

"No, a greater than I."

"Who?"

"General Arnold."

"General Arnold!"

Clara repeated the name with a strange feeling of horror.

"Yes, the General himself. He is a friend of yours, and of Temple's too, and I appeal to you whether it is likely that he would come out as the accuser of this young man, who was his friend and *protégé*, unless there was ample cause and proof of his suspicions."

For a moment Clara reeled under the blow. But it was for a moment only. She remembered her former experience. The slanders against Temple, all of which she now utterly disbelieved. She had resolved never to allow her trust in him again to shake. So now, after the first shock, she recovered her faculties, and rose superior to the blow.

"You forget, while you talk to me," said Clara, "that you labor under a disadvantage."

"What?"

"I cannot believe a word you say."

"What?" cried Gondo. "Do you mean to insult me?"

"No, I do not; but I really do not see how else to express it."

"What do you mean by such base insinuations?"

"You surely remember a conversation that you had with me once in Philadelphia, when you artfully succeeded in poisoning my mind against one who had saved my life. Believing you, I cruelly slighted him; but I found out my error afterwards; and now I may well be pardoned if I doubt."

"I swear!" cried Gondo.

"Stop, stop—I do not believe a word you say."

At this Gondo uttered a deep oath and rushed from the room.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A FATHER'S WRATH.

But Clara was far from being so confident as she imagined. In spite of herself this intelligence had produced a deep fear on her mind.

She recalled what André had told her. She remembered that he was up in that direction to have an interview with a traitor. And though she knew that Temple could not be the man, yet she thought it possible that he might be mistaken for the real culprit. That would account for General Arnold's accusations.

If so, how terrible was the danger. She knew that in those troublous times the dealings with spies were short and merciless. The very suspicion might be enough to destroy a man, even if the proof were not conclusive.

In vain she now tried to quell her fears. She began to have frightful anticipations of coming evil.

After about an hour, her father walked into the parlor. She was not at all overjoyed to see him. In fact, she had begun to lose faith in him, although she still loved him as a daughter. Yet she saw that he had been a spy for years, and that lately he had lied as deliberately and as unscrupulously as Gondo about her lover. She felt deep shame for his baseness, although she did not forget a daughter's duty.

"Clara."

"Father."

"Come here, my child."

Clara came and sat near her father.

"I am pained to learn that you have been very rude to Captain Gondo."

"Have I?"

"He says so."

"Does he say that he was rude to me?"

"No."

"Then I will tell you so now. He shouted at me, and used profane expressions in my presence. Is that rudeness?"

"If he did so he was rude. But he was, no doubt, overcome by his feelings."

"No doubt he was; and of that I complain."

"He loves you, my daughter, most devotedly."

"I am sorry to hear it, and can only advise him to transfer his affections at once to some more congenial object."

"Do not trifle, child."

"Far be it from me to trifle. I feel the importance of this matter."

"Then why do you turn him away?"

"Would you want me to marry a man like that—an Arab, a Malay, an Indian, no one knows what—a man without a character, without heart. Tell me, father, would you?"

"He is a worthy man, I assure you. I have known him long."

"How strange that his worth has never appeared. He keeps his light under a bushel."

"You are very bitter, my child. It will do no good, however. This man, I assure you, is a worthy, upright, honorable and high-minded gentleman."

"Add 'copper colored' to the list of his attractions, and you make him perfect."

"I own he is a little dark, somewhat swarthy, in fact; so are all southern races."

"Especially the African."

"Clara, your levity is ill timed," said Wells, sternly. "I came here intending to treat you in a kind and fatherly manner. I thought you would listen to reason. I must tell you now that my mind is made up. Since you force me to say so, I will tell you that you *must* marry Gondo!"

"And I say to you, father," cried Clara, rising up before him with flashing eyes, "I say to you, that, rather than marry that man, I would die."

Wells looked at his daughter in amazement. He did not know what a fire and energy and spirit there dwelt under that calm and quiet form.

"I am surprised, Clara, to hear you speak in such a tone."

"And ought not I to be surprised," said Clara, "to hear you come to me and order me to marry a—a what! a horrible mulatto? Do you take me to be a scullion! Am I so low as that——"

"Low!" shouted Wells. "I tell you that Captain Gondo is a fit match for any lady in the land."

"Then let him leave me in peace, and seek another from among the ladies of the land."

"I know how it is—I know how it is," said Wells: "You still allow your thoughts to wander upon that wretched traitor Temple. After all the wrongs that I have endured at his hands I should think that the honorable feelings of a daughter would save you from him."

"Father," said Clara, "I wish you would avoid this subject. It pains me to recall what you have said to me about him. I believed you, and did him wrong. You know, father, how unjust were your aspersions upon his character."

"They were true."

"Father, do not force me to describe minutely wherein you deceived me."

"Deceived you?"

"Yes, deeply so."

"Is it thus you treat your father?"

"I love you as a daughter should, but what can I say? I do not wish you again to tell me any slanders about *him*. I will not believe them—never. Having been deceived once, I will not be so again!"

Wells was a thorough coward. His daughter's firmness and boldness amazed and overawed him. But deceit, and trouble, and sorrow had brought out all the hidden strength of her nature. The father confronted the daughter, and was abased before her.

"Do you know that he is now in prison?"

"Gondo said so."

"It is true."

"I should need other proof than his word."

"Then *I* say it is true. I know."

"He is innocent."

"I will not argue the point; it is enough that he is in danger."

"In danger?"

"Yes."

"How can they prove these atrocious crimes?"

"General Arnold is his judge."

"I thought he was the witness."

"No. He brought the case before Washington. There are other witnesses. Upon the chief one everything depends."

"Ah!"

"He can save or destroy. All depends on him. The life of Temple is as surely in his hand as it is possible to be."

"Who is he?"

"He whom you insulted."

"What!"

"Even so."

"Gondo?"

"Yes."

Clara turned pale. She knew better than any the malignant enmity which Gondo felt for Temple. Her lover did not know his jealousy, his hate, his rancor, and his venom. She knew it all. She saw that there was indeed danger.

"Gondo is not yet averse to reason. He forgives your treatment of him. Nor does he hate Temple."

"Ah—does he not!" said Clara. "I know whether he hates him or not."

"He is willing to forgive."

"On what terms?"

"Your hand."

"My hand! He will save Temple on those conditions, will he?"

"He will save Temple if you marry him."

"And pray, what good would that be to me," exclaimed Clara, "to be married to a man whom I loathe, and save my lover only to be separated from him for ever? Better both of us should die."

"Do you refuse?"

"I do."

"Beware!"

"I must refuse."

"I will disown you—I will cast you off!"

"Be it so," murmured Clara. "I will die rather than marry that wretch!"

"Clara—listen to me. As sure as you live, if you refuse I will cast you from my door, and send my curse with you——"

But here a new-comer interrupted them.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE MYSTERY.

It was Uly.

Clara had flung herself upon her chair; tears were in her eyes, but defiance was in her manner, for she felt the deep outrage of her father's treatment.

For that moment she forgot her love, and only looked upon him as the base spy, the slanderer of her lover, and trafficker in his daughter. What bitter thoughts passed through her wounded spirit none can tell.

But she was ready to accept the worst, and the words already trembled upon her tongue.

She would have said: "Father, I take you at your word, and I go."

She would have said: "Father, in disowning me, remember that I also may disown you, and with better reason."

But now her attendant Uly came into the room, and stood between them.

"Stop!" she said, in imperative tones.

Wells looked at her in wonder. For a moment she stooped, and kissed Clara's brow, and soothed her as a mother soothes her child.

And at her touch Clara grew soft, and tender, and childlike. There seemed to be a magic in it, which exercised a fascination over her, and drove away the storm of outraged innocence, and defiance, and withering contempt, that was rapidly rising to burst over the head of that base old villain that she called father.

Upon Wells her presence also produced a singular effect.

He looked at her with the same glance which he had shown once before at Arnold's house.

It was a glance of dread, mingled with deep perplexity.

She, on the other hand, returned his look calmly, and without quailing.

At last she walked up to him. She put her thin hand on his arm—she stood on tiptoe—she whispered something in his ear.

The paleness of death rushed over the face of Wells. He stared at her for a moment in unutterable fear and horror. Then he seemed to shrink, and collapse. His limbs trembled. He staggered and sank into a chair.

All the time Clara looked on wonderingly.

Wells cast his eyes upon the ground, and shudders passed through his frame. His contracted brow, compressed lips, and clenched hands, told of a mighty inward struggle.

"My child," said Uly, with her Indian drawl.

Clara looked up.

"Your father forgives you; say you forgive her."

"I forgive you, Clara," whimpered the old man.

"But he thinks that he needs your forgiveness also for his harsh and base treatment of you. He will ask you to forgive him."

"Pardon me, my dear daughter," said Wells.

Clara was thunderstruck.

"He revokes all that he said," continued Uly. "He repents bitterly of what he has done."

"I am very sorry that this has happened—I am grieved," said Wells, "beyond expression."

"He will discard this Gondo," said Uly.

"I will never have anything more to do with him in any way. I will avoid him—I will shun him."

Clara listened in a state of consternation that is indescribable.

"He will tell you," said Uly, "the true character of Gondo, so as to undeceive you."

"Yes," said Wells, hastily. "He is a bad and cruel and dangerous man. I believe he is half Indian, or altogether so. He has led me into much danger, though perhaps I also was somewhat to blame for weakly yielding."

"He does not refuse to allow you to associate with Temple any longer," said Uly.

"I dislike Temple," said Wells, "but I will own that he is a generous and a brave young man. He had nothing to do with raising the mob. I found out afterwards that he was out in the country until the very moment of my arrest by them. He would have saved me, I saw it in his eye—if he had been able, but he could not. But his influence prevailed over the crowd so much, that instead of killing me, they merely covered me with tar——"

"And feathers," said Uly. "There is something more that he wishes to say about this charge against Temple."

"Temple is innocent, of course. But the

real guilty man cannot be found. He is only known to one or two. I fear the chances in favor of Temple are very faint."

"He will tell you the name of the real traitor," said Uly.

Wells uttered a cry. He looked up with awful supplication.

"He will tell," said Uly.

"No, no, no!"

"He will!" said Uly.

Wells was silent.

Uly bent down and whispered once more. The effect was terrible. Wells looked up in agony, and trembled from head to foot, while great drops of sweat started from his brow.

"Yes, yes; the real traitor is—Benedict Arnold!"

Clara started to her feet. She looked fearfully at Uly, then she rushed from the room.

Two hours after this, Uly, who had been out, returned, leading Gondo. She took him into the garden in the rear of the house.

"Well," said Gondo.

"It is done."

"Will she go?"

"She will."

"Good Uly, there is a substantial token of my esteem."

He handed her some gold. She took it.

"When can I see her?"

"To-night."

"Soon?"

"Immediately."

CHAPTER XXV.

IN THE POWER OF THE ENEMY.

Clara was overwhelmed with the deepest anxiety. Unable any longer to discredit the story of Harry's arrest, she gave herself up to despair. Hope seemed impossible. She could do nothing. Gondo alone could save him, and safety through him was also not to be thought of.

She was almost wild with the excitement that filled her mind. Grief for her lover, hatred of Gondo, wonder at her father, all combined to fill her with distress.

One intense desire to see Harry now took possession of her soul. She pictured him to herself in the solitude of his lonely cell, hopeless, friendless and despairing. Could she but see him, could she but hear his voice, if it were but to hear him bid her farewell forever.

Yet the journey seemed impossible. Weak girl that she was, how could she encounter the dangers of the way?

In this mood Uly found her. Shocked at the marks of grief and fear which Clara showed, the kind attendant sought to soothe and tranquilize her. She succeeded in bringing her to a more peaceful state of mind.

"Does my child want to go to the prisoner?" said Uly.

"Oh, Uly!" cried Clara, flinging her arms about her, "if it were but possible!"

"It is possible."

"What!"

"Cheer up; you can go."

"How?"

"Gondo has offered to take you."

"Gondo!" cried Clara, and she shuddered at the thought.

But so desperate had she become that she would have started off alone.

"He will be here soon."

"Will he?" said Clara, and she began conjecturing the probable dangers of the way.

Soon there was a rap on the door.

Uly went down stairs. Returning in a little while, she told Clara that it was Gondo.

She accompanied Clara down to see him. Mr. Wells had retired.

Gondo bowed low, and greeted her in a humble voice.

"I have come," said he, "to offer you my humble services. It is natural that you should wish to go up to West Point or thereabouts. I can take you there in safety."

"How do you go?"

"By water, of course."

Clara was silent.

"After my hasty exhibition of temper this afternoon, I have scarcely a right, Miss Wells, to hope that you will feel sufficient confidence in me to accept my escort. If my word could be taken—if——"

"I pray you do not make any allusions to our painful interview," said Clara.

"Allow me at least to make my excuses. I have the best of reasons for my offence—a reason which any lady ought to accept."

"Let us forget it," said Clara, "I assure you no apologies are necessary."

"If you will accept my escort then," said Gondo, "I promise you solemnly that I will protect you with my life. I will treat you with the most circumspect politeness. You will be as safe as if you were in your own parlor. I will not allude to any subjects that are painful to you, and will land you safely at your journey's end."

Gondo's dark face and gleaming eye inspired anything but confidence in Clara.

She hesitated.

Gondo waited patiently for her answer.

"Go child, go," said Uly. "It is the best chance you will have."

Clara looked earnestly at Uly.

The woman bore her inspection calmly.

She smiled and nodded, and said:

"Go child, go."

But the dark face of Gondo seemed terrible to Clara, especially since she had witnessed his reckless and desperate determination to gain her hand.

Was he not the witness against her lover—the betrayer—the perjured wretch.

"Go—go—child," urged Uly.

Clara looked upon her again and decided.

"I accept your invitation with thanks," she said in a low voice.

A flush of joy spread over Gondo's face.

"We will start in a few hours," said he. "I will go and get ready."

Clara's mind was now settled, and in her eager haste to depart, she thought no more about her treacherous guide.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

* * *

Early Spring Morning.—The sun shone out warm and broadly, the crackling holly hedges glittered in the laughing shower of splendor, like a line of cuirassiers with their polished breastplates. The crocus just began to push forward its orange top into light from its close green shell; the snow-drop bent down modestly its elegant and lady-like head away from my rude, amorous gaze; the polyanthus, glowing in its cold bed of earth, like a solitary picture of Giorgione on the dark, oaken pannels of an ancient dreary Gothic gallery; while the fragrant lilacs began softly to spread forth their limber shoots. The short, tender grass,

"Glowing,
Just as from a gentle mowing
Asking a fair foot to press
On its springing mossiness,"

was covered with *marguerites*—"such that men called daisies in our town"—thick as the stars on a summer's night; and as I slowly advanced, a thousand dewdrops, almost imperceptible on on close inspection, threw up their dazzling, long rays against my eyes, changing their colors, and twinkling in and out, like fiery diamond-sparks set round in an eastern emerald.

FOUNTAIN, 'TIS NOT THINE TO TARRY.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Fountain, 'tis not thine to tarry,
On the bosom of the hill;
Thou'lt have brighter, nobler being
In the rushing of the rill;
In its song and diamond sparkle;
In its lucent fingers laid
For full many a rapturous moment
On the gray rock's rosy braid;
In its fresh, life-giving kisses
To the willows leaning o'er,
Till at last the waters, shouting,
Reach at last the welcome shore;
Reach, yet leap with exultation
In their last, wild minstrelsy,
Leap, with one wild exultation,
To the white arms of the sea!
Fountain, no ignoble slumber
Shall be thine upon the hill!—
Giving and receiving blessings,
Turn into the rushing rill;
Turn and teach to man the lesson
That in action glories be,
Till the labor-laureled spirit
Finds, at last, the Eternal Sea!

* * *

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE STEPMOTHER," "MINNIGREY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

What wit so sharp is found in age or youth,
That can distinguish truth from treachery?
Falsehood puts on the garb of simple truth,
And masks in habit of plain honesty,
When she, in heart, intends most villainy.
SACKVILLE.

"You need not wait," said Mr. Parfit to his principal clerk on the evening appointed for the visit of the grateful *danseuse*, who really believed in his benevolence. "I will close the offices. You can call at my house in the morning," he added, "for the keys."

"Any further instructions, sir?"

"No; yet stay. You may as well light the lamp upon the stairs as you descend."

"Expects a visitor," thought the clerk.

"You need not turn the wick more than half up."

"Very well, sir."

The speaker withdrew, wondering secretly what fresh piece of rascality his employer was concocting, that required not only his personal superintendence, but the absence of any witnesses.

"I shall find it out in time, I suppose," he muttered to himself, as he buttoned up his great coat in the outer office, and arranged the comforter round his throat, for the night was a cold one. "Few of his secrets are secrets to me. I could transport him to-morrow, if I chose."

But the clerk did not choose, being one of the few persons whom the old money-lender treated liberally.

Mr. Parfit looked at his watch, a very handsome gold one, with chain and massive seals, on one of which were his armorial bearings, a snake strangling a goose, engraved upon a blood-stone; the motto "Cave," beneath. Whether from the peculiarity of the device, humility, or prudence, we will not undertake to say, but he never used it in corresponding with his clients.

Possibly he thought the *blason* rather too suggestive.

Finding that it still wanted half an hour to the time he had appointed for the visit of Clara, he trimmed the office lamps afresh, unlocked his private desk, and drew out his bill-book—the record of his business transactions, of reckless folly, and dishonest gains.

In one sense it might have been compared to the book of Fate, seeing that the future destiny of many an unsuspecting victim was inscribed in it—not in plain words or figures, but in hieroglyphics which its owner had long been familiar with.

As the gentleman will prove a personage of no little importance in our tale, we need not apologize for introducing him somewhat more particularly to our readers.

In person, Mr. Parfit was of the ordinary height, thin and not ungentlemanly in his figure; he had a head which, at first sight, would have puzzled Lavater himself to form a correct opinion of it—it was more than three parts bald, the remaining hair straight and perfectly white. But for the narrowness of the front, it might have been pronounced intellectual—in fact, it was so in a certain, or rather an uncertain sense; for there is an intellect both in good and ill. The eyebrows—he wore no whiskers—retained their original color, and were black and bushy, overhanging a pair of cold grey eyes, that shifted painfully when any one looked earnestly into them. The nostrils bore something more than a slight resemblance to those of a greyhound, being sharply and delicately outlined.

They became visibly inflated whenever he drew a long or a hard breath.

As the old money-lender sat pondering over the *entrées* of the multifarious transactions before him, his head supported by the bony fingers which seemed to clutch it like a vulture's claw, he would have made an excellent subject for one of the old German or Flemish painters. Quintin Matsis, for instance, could have done justice to him.

The gloomy chamber, with its painted walls—the faded portraits, glaring like spectres through the darkness visible—the heavy presses, and massive iron chest, which doubtless contained the title-deeds to many a fair estate, might have served as a fitting background to the picture.

When Mr. Parfit heard the gentle tap at the door which announced his visitor, he never raised his head, but merely said, "Come in."

The door opened gently, and the poor dancing-girl made her appearance, gliding, like a thing of light and beauty, into that dark room. Years had elapsed since she had seen her supposed benefactor—she had come with the intention of pouring out her innocent heart to him, of thanking him for his goodness to her; but the coldness of her reception froze the eloquent impulse upon her lip, and she could only mutter a few disjointed words, which scarcely reached his ear.

"Well, Clara," he added, "you wished to see me."

"Is that strange, sir," she replied, "when my brother and myself are so deeply indebted to your bounty? Even benefits become a burden, when we may not express our gratitude. What would have been our fate but for you?"

"Well, well," said the money-lender, "perhaps I have been of some service to you, and might have continued the interest I felt in your welfare, had you not so deeply offended me by dancing upon the stage."

"What was I to do?" exclaimed the *danseuse*, bursting into tears; "we were starving."

"You had no business to starve, with your talents," observed Mr. Parfit, harshly. "You know, Clara, that you are very clever; there were a hundred ways of living honorably."

"Not one," murmured his visitor, sadly; "not one."

How frequently do we hear it said in the world, "Oh! with his talents he ought to have done well."

Talents!! To hear comfortable, well-to-do mediocrity prate about them, one would imagine that talents were current coin—that their possessor could breakfast and dine upon them.

An idea first started by selfishness, to justify the neglect of duty.

Talents! why, London, like every other great city, is flooded with them—they meet you in worn boots and threadbare coat at every corner of the street, jostle you in the squares and byelanes—are to be read in hungry eyes and pale faces, looking anxiously and, too frequently, hopelessly for bread. Even genius—God's highest gift—the poet's heritage, the sculptor's hand, the painter's cunning, has been known to starve. There is nothing astonishing, therefore, in the misery of its younger and weaker brothers.

Talents, without friends to advise, assist, and cherish, may be compared to seed cast on the surface of a granite rock, instead of being planted in a genial soil, watered by the dew of sympathy, and carefully tended. And yet the fools expect that they should bloom!

"I repeat it," said the gentleman, drily; "there were ways, had you thought proper to seek them."

Poor Clara's tears fell fast and bitterly.

"Well, well," he added, in a less bitter tone, "I did not send for you to reproach you—the charity you have received from me gives me no right to do so—but simply to tell you that you must not apply to me again, or permit any one to apply for you. I am not so rich as the world gives me credit for; my means are small, comparatively small; and I know so many really deserving persons who have a claim upon me."

"No doubt, sir," said the *danseuse*, with a sigh. "Misery is everywhere."

"It is understood, then, that you never *trouble* me again."

"Never!" repeated his visitor, with a momentary flush of pride.

"On that condition I forgive you."

"The prohibition," added the poor girl, "ought not, shall not destroy my gratitude for the past. Oh, sir, you do not know what a weight your kindness removed from my heart. In a few days my brother will be strong enough I trust to be removed into the country. I wish you could see him—he is so intelligent, so gifted, and so unfortunate."

The dwarf undoubtedly was unfortunate in all but the love of his sister.

"Bless you for that," she continued; "may the memory of your good deeds prove a solace to you! for there are moments when the best of us are compelled to look into our own heart and cite its——"

"Yes, yes!" interrupted Mr. Parfit, uneasily; "I am perfectly aware of all that."

"No doubt, sir, a good man must frequently examine it. Happy are those who find as little to blame in it as you do!"

Whether it was the heat of the office, or a painful sense of modesty at hearing himself so praised, we cannot take upon ourselves to decide; but the old money-lender's usually pale countenance became flushed suddenly, then became paler and of a more wax-like hue than before.

"There! that will do," he muttered; "good evening."

Clara rose to depart; she had reached the door, when a sudden impulse induced her to return.

"What now?"

The only reply of the grateful *danseuse* was to seize the hand of her supposed benefactor and raise it to her innocent lips, then glide from the room as quietly as she had entered it. It seemed as if a ray of pure and healthful light had disappeared with her; the lamp, too, cast a redder glare upon the bald cranium of Mr. Parfit; and the grim, faded portraits on the walls seemed to frown more fiercely through the gloom.

This simple action of Clara's, which expressed her feelings even more eloquently than her words had done, produced a singular effect upon Mr. Parfit, who shook his hand as if the lips of a viper, instead of the pure, innocent ones of an angel, had been pressed to it, started from his seat, and advanced rapidly towards the door, evidently with the intention of calling his visitor back.

Suddenly he stopped, and broke into a low, cynical laugh, as if in mockery of the momentary impulse.

"Bah!" he exclaimed; "at my time of life, and with my experience of the world, to be caught in the fool's sponge—gratitude! to believe, for an instant, in such a chimera! These are extravagances," he added, "which even my fortune will not permit."

Instead of returning to his desk, the speaker crept towards the window, raised the sash very carefully, and listened.

Everything appeared silent in the street.

"Has the empty-headed coxcomb," he muttered, "lost courage, or some garden butterfly, with more gaudy wings, attracted his attention? He must have understood me."

A faint scream reached his ears, and he smiled coldly.

"My impatience wronged him," he added; "the hawk has struck its prey."

The scream was repeated; voices were heard as if in dispute. Suddenly they ceased, and were followed by the sounds of a vehicle driving rapidly away.

The money-lender deliberately closed the window, then the shutters, which he carefully barred, and returned to his occupation at the desk, where he remained writing, summing up, and calculating his gains till the clock struck nine.

"No more work to-night," he said, shutting the bill-book. "By this time they are far enough away."

Somehow he did not feel quite so well satisfied as he thought he should have been at the success of his rascally scheme.

Having secured the offices, the old man descended the staircase, extinguishing the lamp on his way, and emerged into the street, looked inquisitively round, but saw only a group of women laughing and talking in front of a gin-shop.

"She wor only a *theayter* girl," he overheard one of them say, as he slowly passed them; "it wur nothink but actin'. Lor' bless us, I heerd Miss Watson, at the Coburg, holler louder no' she did, aint you?"

"Yes, often," was the reply, accompanied by a half-drunken laugh from her companions. And the respectable Mr. Parfit walked quietly on his way.

The two friends had called, as usual, upon Harry, with the intention of passing their evening in Princess street. The young farmer looked rather annoyed when, in reply to anxious inquiries, they informed him that Clara had gone out.

"Gone out?" he repeated.

"Yes."

"And alone?"

"And alone."

"Isn't it rather late, Mrs. Page?"

"To visit a gentleman!"

Poor Tom appeared thunderstruck.

"*An old gentleman!*" added Mrs. Page, laughingly; "so you need not look so miserable, Mr. Mayfield. Clara is a good girl—a very good girl."

The speaker looked at her watch, and saw with surprise that it was nine o'clock; she had not the slightest idea the hour was so late when she spoke.

"If I am not uneasy, you need not be," she continued, at the same time mentally remarking that it was time her lodger had returned.

Telbin, with whom his sister's admirer attempted to enter into conversation, replied only in monosyllables; his mind was evidently occupied by something else. Harold and Bianca were in the little room at the back of the picture shop below. The Italian girl had arranged that same evening to introduce our hero to her father.

The young farmer sat on thorns, till he could endure it no longer.

"I will go and meet her," he exclaimed, suddenly starting up.

"Well," replied the mistress of the lodging-house, who began to feel a vague misgiving, "I really wish you would."

"Which way will she return?"

"*She ought to return* by Leicester Square and Long Acre."

Tom waited to hear no more, but caught up his hat, and without leaving a message for his friend, so great was his impatience, quitted the house.

"Poor fellow!" thought Mrs. Page, as she watched him from the window of the drawing-room—her first-floor lodger had been absent for several days—"I believe he loves her honestly. I was wrong to let her go alone; I might have sent Hannah with her, but really the girl is so lazy and has so much to do."

Whatever our readers may think of the first part of the accusation thus mentally levied against the maid-of-all-work, they will agree with the observation which followed it.

Hannah had much to do.

Our hero meanwhile was passing his time most agreeably in the society of Bianca and her father. The signor, who spoke English remarkably well, contrived with peculiar tact to sound the depths of his visitor's understanding—led him from art, on which the ideas of Harold must have appeared crude enough, to converse upon a great variety of topics, and smiled quietly more than once at the vigor and freshness of some thought or expression his observations elicited.

His daughter felt secretly delighted with the favorable impression the young Englishman had evidently produced, for although nothing approaching to a declaration had ever passed between them, she divined the feelings of Harold.

The heart of a young girl is like a mirror: breathed on by the impure breath of passion, it becomes obscure and troubled; whilst clear, it reflects our own.

The pretext for the introduction—for even innocence has its mask, especially in love affairs—was to obtain the opinion of the picture-dealer on the drawings and models of his cousin, which Harold Mansell had brought with him.

"I perceive something more than talent—there is positive genius in them," said the Italian, after looking them carefully over; "but there are barriers," he added, "which genius, with all its heaven-born aspirations, cannot overleap. If much has been divined, much remains to be done by patient study and perseverance—by tracing humbly the progress of those who have left their imprint on the rock of ages."

"I can understand that," replied our hero, earnestly. "Harry has not only an intense love of art, but exquisite appreciation of all that is beautiful in Nature."

"Is he strong?" demanded the signor. "I mean, in heart. Can he suffer? For suffering, to genius, is the mystery of success."

"I am sorry to hear you say so," answered his visitor. "I love him too well to wish him great at such a sacrifice."

"Fame is worth its price," observed the father of Bianca.

"Not of happiness."

"Worth any price," added the picture-dealer, with enthusiasm.

"Surely not of the affections?"

"Even of these," said the Italian. "Michael Angelo thought so, and paid it."

"He was the painter of the grand and terrible," observed his daughter, hesitatingly.

"And of the sublime."

"The sublime, too. I admit it," added the fair girl; "but Raphael, father! you forget him. He made no such sacrifice."

"The exception proves the rule," replied the old man, with a smile. "Raphael deserved to be happy, if love would make him so; for no pencil ever rendered the sweetness—the ideal, as well as the physical beauty—of woman, with a hand divine like his. Let us change the subject," he continued, "or I shall fall into a train of dreams—of marble palaces, and gilded domes, temples where art was the pure goddess worshipped; visions which, in my youth, I saw, or fancied so—dreams," he repeated, "from which days of the dull, sordid realities of life will scarcely waken me."

"Do you ever dream?" added the signor, addressing himself suddenly to Harold.

"Who does not?" exclaimed the young man. "Sleeping or waking, they haunt the brain of youth as well as age."

"May you never know the sadness of the exile's dreams!" said the Italian, mournfully; "the funeral pall cast upon the past and drawn before the future!"

The old man fell into a train of musing, from which his daughter and Harold made several vain attempts to rouse him; either his powers or the desire for conversation had left him, and he answered vaguely to their observations, like one impatient or who suffered pain.

"Is he often thus?" whispered our hero.

"Whenever he speaks of Italy," answered Bianca, her eyes filling with tears.

"And do you regret it?"

"Not so deeply as my father does," said the fair girl, with a conscious blush; "I was a mere child when I quitted it, but to him it is like banishment from Paradise."

"Is it not likely he may one day return?"

"*Never!*"

Harold regarded her earnestly.

"His ashes may," she added, "but not the living man; he will die as he has lived—a sacrifice to his country."

The dial on the chimney-piece struck the hour of ten.

"So late!" exclaimed Bianca.

Her visitor took the hint, and bade father and daughter good night. The latter only returned it. Signor Muzetti appeared unconscious of everything around him—the dream of the past and of his native land was upon him.

CHAPTER XVI.

Patience! for I have wrong,
And dare not show wherein;
Patience shall be my song,
Since truth can nothing win.
Patience, then, for this fit,
Hereafter comes not yet.
SIR THOMAS WYATT.

"Good gracious! Why, Mr. Mayfield has left this half hour," replied the maid-of-all-work, in answer to Harold's inquiry for his friend.

"Left!"

"Yes, sir."

"No message for me?"

"*None-some-never*," said the girl; "he didn't even bid me good night, though he passed me in the passage. Not that I cares about it, for I aint done nothink to 'front him, as I knows on. Never did so afore," she added.

Our hero smiled at the loquacity of Hannah, and leaving word for his cousin that he would see him on the following evening, he started for Lombard street, mentally wondering, as he walked along the Strand, what had caused the fit of impatience of his friend, Tom.

Before leaving, however, he did not forget to bid the poor maid-of-all-work good night.

"Well, he be a downright gentleman, and no mistake," muttered the girl, as she gazed after him; "and I knows some 'un—so I does—that 'ud like to be a rich lady, or a beautiful young princess, for his sake, that I does."

Who the "some 'un" was, the speaker prudently kept to herself; we must leave the readers, therefore, to divine the name, should they feel any curiosity upon the subject. If Hannah herself, there was little fear of her feelings destroying her happiness.

Hard work is an excellent corrective for the romantic.

It was Harold's first night at his new abode, and when he found himself alone in the gloomy, old-fashioned sitting-room, a feeling of sadness, amounting almost to despondency, crept over him. He tried to shake it off, in vain; he could not even think over his conversation with Bianca and her father, much as it had interested him; proof, our fair readers will exclaim, that he was not very deeply in love.

The recollection of the fearful tragedy enacted within a few paces from him, yet nearer, perhaps—possibly in the very room, for the interior arrangements of the bank had been changed after the murder of Clement Chambers—haunted him, and he started at every sound that broke the stillness of the night.

"What folly," he murmured, "to permit external objects to impress my brain with sickly fancies and vague waking dreams. I never felt this childish weakness at Lowelstree. How Tom would laugh at me," he added, "could he witness it."

Little did Harold Mansell imagine that his friend, Tom, at that very moment was wandering, distractedly, in the neighborhood of Leicester Square and Long Acre, questioning every one he met that would listen to him, whether they had seen any one resembling Clara.

Some listened to his description of her, and mocked at him; others, after the first word or two, muttered the word "pshaw!" and passed impatiently on their way.

Poor fellow! he was in anything but a laughing humor.

"I'll to bed," exclaimed our hero, with sudden resolution, "and forget these fancies."

This, as in most instances, proved far more easy to promise than perform; there are impressions that will not be dismissed—they must wear themselves out.

On extinguishing his light he perceived that the moon, which was at its full, shone directly on the court-yard, and he drew aside the blind.

The windows directly opposite belonged to the rooms occupied by Mark Chambers. At one of them, to his great astonishment, he perceived the old man gazing intently, as he supposed, at some imaginary object, for there was nothing for him to fix his eyes upon except the leafless tree and the deserted nest.

"How strange!" muttered Harold, involuntarily.

He remained for some minutes regarding him. Mark never once moved. So pale, calm and marble-like were his features, that he might have been mistaken for a statue.

Our hero was on the point of opening his window and speaking to him, but the recollection of the purpose Sir Jasper had in view, in furnishing rooms for him at the bank, restrained him, and he drew back, in order to remain unobserved.

"I am catching at shadows," thought Harold, who began to feel cold. "I ought to feel very grateful to my uncle, no doubt," he added, as he jumped into his comfortable bed. "But the first night at my new lodgings has not proved a very merry one."

First he turned upon his left side, then upon the right one, next on his back, in the hope of sleep; but sleep, like a coy maiden, was not so easily to be wooed. As a last resource, he rolled restlessly upon his side again, and buried his head beneath the bed-covering.

When at last sweet sleep pressed his weary eyelids down, strange dreams fell on him. At first he was at Lowelstree, amid familiar scenes, and the companions of his boyhood—a well-remembered one in the village churchyard, and a funeral procession, next appeared, and he breathed heavily.

With the rapidity of a phantasmagoria, the vision changed again, and what followed, although unconnected, appeared distinctly, and remained photographed, as it were, upon his brain.

He saw two men struggling in a dimly-lighted room—there was a cry—the sight of the sleeper became obscured—a mist, like an atmosphere exhaled from blood, seemed to surround him; he breathed it, and it half-choked him; gradually it dispersed, and discovered the pale, impassable countenance of Mark Chambers, as he had seen it before retiring to rest, gazing at him with cold, glassy eyes.

With a heavy-drawn sigh, Harold Mansell awoke.

So vivid were the impressions produced by his dream, that he sprang from his bed and approached the window. To his astonishment, the old man was still looking into the court-yard, immovable and statue-like as before.

"This is most singular!" he murmured. "What may it mean?"

His thoughts involuntarily reverted to a picture he had once seen, of the Sphinx gazing on the Egyptian desert.

The association of ideas was by no means an unnatural one.

For more than an hour he continued to observe him. Mark never once moved, but continued his mysterious watch.

Thoroughly chilled by the night air, he returned to his bed. This time he slept soundly; no disturbing dreams haunted his pillow. When he awoke it was broad daylight, and Mark Chambers had disappeared from the window.

With his busy brain still speculating on the strange circumstance and his dreams, Harold entered the sitting-room, where he found a cheerful fire and an excellent breakfast waiting him.

He rang the bell; the porter answered it, and brought him the newspapers.

"Have you heard any noises during the night?" asked our hero.

"Nothing unusual, sir," replied the man.

"What am I to understand by *unusual?*"

"Well, sir, this is a very old house, as you are aware—full of passages; the wind sometimes whistles and frolics through them."

"Is that all?"

"I often hear the footsteps of old Mark, wandering about the place."

"Indeed!"

"But neither myself or wife ever pay any attention to him—we are so used to it."

"He frequently walks at night, then?"

"Very frequently, sir."

"Did you hear him last night?"

"No, sir; my wife and I both wondered at it and thought the old man might be fearful of alarming you. He is not often so considerate," he added.

At this moment a loud ringing of the street bell was heard, and a minute afterwards the voice of the speaker's wife calling to her husband to descend.

"See who it is."

When the porter returned, he informed our hero that a gentleman wished to speak with him.

"With me! why no one knows that I am living here yet! Did he give his name?"

"Tom, Tom, something, sir," replied the man, with a suppressed smile. "He looks terribly tired and wild-like. He must have been——"

"Show him to me instantly," interrupted Harold, greatly surprised, and not a little alarmed, for he judged something extraordinary must have occurred to bring his friend to Lombard street, where he had never been before at such an early hour.

When the young farmer staggered, rather than walked, into the room, he held out his hand to him, and sank, without uttering a word, into a chair.

"Leave us," said Harold.

The porter disappeared, wondering who the strange visitor could possibly be.

"Dear Tom!" exclaimed his friend, "you were right, quite right, to seek me. Some misfortune, I fear, has occurred to you?"

"She is gone," murmured the lover of the poor *danseuse*, despairingly; "torn from me by some infernal villain. I shall never see her again."

"See whom?"

"Clara!" exclaimed Tom. "She left Princess street last evening by appointment to visit an old gentleman, named Parfit, who befriended her in early life, and has not since returned. After wandering about the streets half the night in search of her, I discovered where his offices were situated, and learnt from some half drunken wretches in the neighborhood, that they had seen her forced into a carriage. There could be no mistake about it," he added; "one of them knew her, and called her an actor girl."

Harold instantly thought of his cousin, and his honest, manly countenance flushed with shame.

"I more than guess I know the name of the heartless scoundrel who has dared to outrage her," continued Tom, starting from his seat; "you yourself gave me the clue, and I come to you, my oldest friend, my companion, confidant, my brother—for we have loved each other like brothers—to demand the address of Captain Mansell."

"Were you a stranger to me," answered our hero, "under such circumstances I should give it."

"I knew you would," said Tom, greatly excited; "was sure of it, for you are a man, Harold, in heart; some are only men in years. I have been pacing up and down before the doors of the bank since daybreak. I thought the long, weary hours would never pass; but I have found you at last.

"The captain," he added, grasping his hand energetically, "where does he reside?"

The words came hissing through the clenched teeth of the speaker, and his deep-drawn breath betrayed the intense agitation he was a prey to.

"I told you that you should have, under the circumstances, your demand, were you even a stranger to me. My friend and brother I shall accompany."

"Thank you! God bless you, Harold!" exclaimed Tom, greatly moved; "I knew you would, it is so like you. It will be no child's play! If he has outraged the girl I love, I'll have the ruffian's life!—his life!

"Perhaps you had better not go with me," he added, more composedly; "he is your cousin, and Sir Jasper may——"

"Is this the promise we have so often made to prove true, fast friends?" interrupted our hero. "Friends—you know the meaning of the word friendship? What would it be if a mean doubt or thought of interest could shake it? You would not have failed me, Tom, not if your life had been at stake. Don't be so unjust as to suppose that I can fail you.

"Two minutes only, whilst I put on my coat and boots," he continued. "There is the breakfast."

"I can't eat," groaned his visitor.

"Only a cup of tea, Tom. It will do you good."

In five minutes the young men were driving towards the Albany. On their arrival they found the servant who had admitted our hero on the morning of the breakfast cording his trunk in the hall. He had quarrelled with the captain who had dismissed him.

It was his successor who answered the impatient questions of Harold.

"My master's not at home, sir."

"I will wait!" exclaimed the lover of Clara, throwing himself into one of the hall chairs.

"No use, sir. Gone out of town."

Tom groaned.

"So you see, sir," added the speaker, "that it will be no use waiting. Besides, I can't allow you to remain here."

"Out of town!" murmured the young farmer, despairingly. "I don't believe it!" he added, furiously.

John, the discharged domestic, winked at our hero, knowingly.

"Can't help it," added the new valet; "there you can't stay. I hope you won't *obleege* me to use violence."

"Try it," said Tom Mayfield, starting from his seat. "Let you or your rascally master both try it. I wish he would—I wish he would."

"I shall call the *perlece*," said the man.

John winked again.

"I am satisfied that my cousin is not here," whispered Harold; "come with me."

"I won't leave the place, though my limbs should strike into the earth and grow here!" exclaimed his friend, "till I have seen him."

"You no longer trust *me* then," said our hero, quietly.

"You! you!" repeated his friend. "Yes, I will, Harold, I will trust you. Forgive me, I am half mad, and know not what I say or do. My heart is on fire. Trust you! Oh, it would be strange indeed if you deceived me."

Harold led him from the chambers to the entrance of the Albany, where the hackney coach was still waiting for them.

"Where to next?" demanded Tom, despondingly.

"We must wait here?"

"Wait! wait! still wait!" murmured the lover of Clara, distractedly.

In a few minutes, which appeared nearly as many hours to the young men, John made his appearance, carrying his trunk. At a sign from our hero, he gave it to the coachman and jumped inside.

"Where to?" demanded the driver.

"Drive slowly, anywhere."

"If I understood you rightly," said Harold, addressing the servant, "you have something to communicate?"

"I have, sir. The captain has not left town, nor is he likely to do so for a day or two."

"Is he in chambers?"

"No, sir. He slept last night in Portland Square, at Sir Jasper's. I am about to leave him. I suppose you came about the young lady that he wants to take to Paris with him? I know all about your quarrelling with him on the subject the day you called. He blamed me for admitting you, and ordered me never to do so again."

"Never mind anything respecting myself," interrupted Harold. "It is his victim I would hear of."

"He has carried her off."

Tom clenched his hands, and muttered a suppressed curse.

"Or, rather, some woman did for him."

"A woman!"

John paused, and looked significantly.

"Pray, proceed."

His informant made some very pertinent observation, about being out of place. Our hero took the hint, and gave him a couple of sovereigns.

"Fact is, sir," said the man, pocketing the money, "the captain doesn't go to Paris for three or four days. His leave of absence only commences to-morrow; he will be on duty at the Horse Guards to-day."

"But the woman?"

"Madame Saubin."

"And where does she live?" demanded the young farmer, eagerly.

"Can't tell. I know that she has two houses; the dancer—that is what master calls her—is at one of them, where he is to visit her, and persuade her to accompany him upon the trip."

"The villain! if he has dared to offer violence——"

"Lord bless you, sir," interrupted John, struck by the fierce look of the speaker, "no fear of that, the captain is too great a coward; besides, it is not his way—jewelry—presents—flattery—and all that sort of thing. I know that it was Madame Saubin who carried her off," he added, "for I overheard the whole thing arranged, but where she resides I have not the slightest notion."

Tom thrust several sovereigns into his hand.

"I can't tell you any more," observed the man, "for I really know no more."

"I can find the address of the woman," whispered our hero to his friend.

"God bless you, Harold," replied Tom; "you are my guardian angel!"

The coach stopped; John and his trunk were both set down.

"Where next?" demanded the driver.

"To Princess street."

"I leave it all to you, Harold," added the lover of Clara; "all to you."

His friend silently grasped his hand.

CHAPTER XVII.

> "He who has most of heart, knows most of sorrow."
> BAILEY.

"Oh, Mr. Mansell! Oh, Mr. Mayfield!" exclaimed the maid-of-all-work, the instant she distinguished the two friends through her tears; "here is wickedness, just as one reads of in a story-book. Poor Miss Clara is gone, and nobody knows nothink about it. The missis and I have been a-sittin' up all night, cryin', and a wonderin' what has becomed on her; and Telbin, dear heart! I do think he is really a-dyin'—his head be quite gone. Doctor says as he has got the *tempus* fever."

"No intelligence! no clue!" exclaimed Tom, scarcely less agitated than the speaker.

"No, nothink," replied Hannah, shaking her head, and bursting into a fresh flood of tears. "I'd like to a-catched 'em a-carryin' me off," she added, emphatically.

When the mistress of the lodging-house met her visitors in the drawing-room, her eyes were red with weeping. Till the disappearance of the *danseuse*, the excellant woman had not the remotest supicion how closely the friendless girl had entwined herself round her heart by her gentleness and patience. The slight crust of selfishness that inclosed it resembled the shell of the almond—it guarded the sound and wholesome kernel from the ravages of the creeping and winged insects that would have preyed upon it.

"I shall never forgive myself," she sobbed, "for permitting her to leave the house alone."

"It can scarcely be called an error," observed Harold, kindly. "You had no reason to expect——"

"I had reason to expect," interrupted Mrs. Page; "and at my years, with my experience of the world, I ought to have known better. After the conduct of that Madame Saubin, too! But I am not beaten yet," she added, "although Mr. Parfit's lawyers have written me word that there is a flaw in the lease by which I hold my property."

"Who is Mr. Parfit?"

Our hero had forgotten the name of the gentleman Tom had spoken of as Clara's benefactor.

With a patience which severely tried that of his friend, he listened to all the landlady could tell him respecting Clara—how the old moneylender had supported her in her infancy, apprenticed her to the French ballet mistress, and ultimately abandoned her and Telbin, under pretence of being shocked by her dancing on the stage.

Harold made a mental *nota bene* at the most important points of her narrative, especially at the name of her nurse, Ann Betts.

"There is much, my dear Mrs. Page," he said, taking her hand, "for after-consideration. Our present care must be to discover the dear girl, and restore her to her friends. If forcibly detained——"

"I'd stake my life upon it," exclaimed the mistress of the lodging-house; "a better girl never lived; many a present and letter she had given me to return, without looking on the one or reading the other. Forcibly detained!" she repeated. "They must have used both locks and bars to keep her from her brother."

"And I a hundred lives, if I had as many," added Tom Mayfield, unable any longer to contend with his feelings. "You told me," he continued, addressing our hero, "that you had obtained some clue—bade me trust you. I have done so like a child; waited, whilst my heart gnawed itself with impatience. I'll wait no longer. The villain who had carried her off will be upon parade at the Horse Guards; it wants but an hour of the time. I'll rend the secret from his heart, drag him from the midst of his men, trample on him, and——"

"Lose her!" said Harold, seriously. "Do you think I would spare my guilty cousin, or fail the friend of my boyhood? I'd starve—perish first. But you know that, Tom," he added, in a less excited tone. "We must obtain the address of this infamous Frenchwoman."

"Oh, I can give you that," exclaimed Mrs. Page, eagerly; "Madame Saubin resides at *Terpsicoran*—I think that is the name, at any rate it is near enough—Cottage, Vauxhall, not far from the Gardens."

"Terpsichore Cottage, I presume you mean."

"That's it," said the landlady; "I never could get round those wretched *French names;* they don't suit an English tongue. Won't you see poor little Telbin?" she added, as the young men rose to depart; "my heart bleeds for him—he has done nothing but rave all night for his sister. The doctor fears typhys fever. Bianca is with him."

"It is her brother," whispered our hero, in reply to the impatient gesture of his friend to be gone; "*Clara's brother;* it will not detain us long."

With a deep-drawn sigh, which proved the effort it cost him, Tom Mayfield followed the speaker to Mrs. Page's own room, where, woman-like, she had caused the dwarf to be removed the instant the medical man pronounced the access of fever to be dangerous.

Telbin was raving incoherently when they entered the room. Bianca and Harry were both with him, doing their best to calm the storm of feeling and passion that threatened to destroy him. To their soothing expressions, the only reply was the name of his sister.

"Clara!" he shrieked, in that peculiar tone which renders the expression of pain doubly painful to those who hear it, "where is she? They have taken her away—forced her from me, and I am left alone in the world—alone—no one to love me now! alone, for ever alone!"

"Not alone, dear boy," whispered the fair Italian.

The sound of her voice seemed to exercise a momentary influence upon his fevered brain, and he gazed upon her piteously.

"Who are you?" he asked; "I think I recollect—but tell me who you are."

"Bianca."

"Ah! I know that name," replied Telbin, with a deep-drawn sigh.

"And Harry," added the young artist.

Telbin stretched forth his burning hand; our hero shuddered as he saw his cousin clasp it, lest there should prove contagion in the touch.

"But who are these?" demanded the dwarf, pointing to Harold and Tom Mayfield, who stood at the foot of the bed, anxiously regarding him. "I know! I know! They come to mock at me. The children do it in the streets. They feel that I am not one of them; that I am a lie, a stunted lie; a tree struck at the root, dwarfed to a shrub!"

"You are wrong," said the young farmer; "we are friends—the friends of Clara. He would be a monster indeed who could mock you!"

The poor fever-stricken sufferer laughed wildly and bitterly.

"Friends!" he repeated; "ha! ha! ha! friends! I am a thing apart! God has cancelled my heritage in all human sympathy. I had but one being that loved me—Clara, Clara! And now they have taken her from me. I can only lie here and howl like a crippled hound. Were I to seek her, the curious eyes of the mob would follow me; hunt me like some monster through the streets! Friends!" he added, "friends! Tall, strong men, with shapely limbs, strength, bones, and sinews, friends with the dwarf—the abortion of Nature, her jest, her toy, caprice, and victim!"

"There are others besides your sister who love you," said the Italian, without considering the import of the words she uttered.

She had been so accustomed to look upon Telbin as a mere child, that she forgot the poor dwarf, in heart and brain, was almost a man.

"You pain them," she added, "by speaking of yourself with such injustice."

The head of the sufferer sank gently upon her shoulder, and he half closed his eyes, like one who listens to the strains of delicious music.

The speaker little suspected how deadly a poison her words had poured into his very soul.

Harold began to feel dreadfully alarmed for the safety of two beings who were so justly dear to him. The fever he knew to be contagious, and he beheld Bianca and his cousin in familiar contact with it.

"I will see that our friend is provided with fitting attendance. You must leave this room; indeed you must," he said.

The strong-minded girl regarded him with surprise.

"There is danger!"

"I have no fear."

"Nor I," added Harry.

"For your father's sake," urged our hero.

"My father is a fatalist," replied Bianca. "'*Che sarà sara*' is his device."

"*For mine, then!*" whispered Harold, in so low a tone that no ear except her own could catch the words.

A deep blush suffused the cheeks of the fair Italian, then left them deadly pale. The avowal was made, and life had found its charm.

"Who are these?" demanded Telbin, suddenly rousing from the half-dreamy state into which the words of Bianca had plunged him. "What do they here? Come to mock—insult me?"

"No! no!" exclaimed Harry, eagerly; "it is my cousin Harold and his friend Tom Mayfield. You must remember them? They have promised to discover and bring back Clara."

At the name of his sister the delirious rage of the poor dwarf returned, and he half sprang from the bed, declaring his intention of going with them.

"Let the mob laugh and point the finger at me," he cried; "I will pay back scorn for scorn. They shall not goad me into madness as they have done, by their cruel tongues and mocking eyes. Like them, I am God's creature. Yes, yes," he added, "we will seek her. I am strong; you do not know how strong! I feel as if my heart were iron now!"

It was with the utmost difficulty that Bianca and Mrs. Page, who made her appearance in the chamber, could prevent Telbin from attempting, at least, to put his project into execution.

"You had better leave him with us," said the worthy woman; "we shall manage him best."

"But my cousin and—I am sure you understand me; there is danger to them," replied our hero. Can you not send for proper attendance?"

"I have done so."

"As for the expense——"

"Leave that to me," interrupted the landlady. "If I am poor, I am not needy. He shall want for nothing that money can procure."

Harold would fain have remained to whisper a few words of explanation to Bianca; it was unnecessary; her heart understood him, and to that he trusted.

"*At last,*" groaned the young farmer, as they got into a hackney coach, and drove towards Vauxhall. "Were I to live a hundred years, I should never forget the agony of the last hour. Bear with me," he added, grasping the hand of his friend, "but you cannot imagine the misery I have endured."

On reaching the neighborhood of the once royal gardens, there was but little difficulty in finding the residence of so well-known a person as Madame Saubin. The first person they asked undertook to guide them to it.

"There it be," said the boy, pointing to a neat-looking cottage, with a small garden and railing in front; "that be where the French dancing-woman live."

Before Harold could discharge the coach and recompense the speaker, his friend Tom was at the door, ringing a succession of frantic peals at the bell.

They were answered by a female of respectable appearance, who appeared, and not unreasonably, something more than slightly alarmed at the wild looks and still wilder words of the young farmer.

"It is false; I know that she is here; I will see her, though I tear every brick of this accursed den from its place!" exclaimed Tom.

"Indeed my mistress is not at home, sir!"

"Who spoke of your mistress? who wanted her? I'm not to be put off with a stale lie like that. It is Clara that I seek—Clara Cleret."

On hearing the name of the *danseuse*, the confidential servant of Madame Saubin drew down the corners of her mouth slightly.

"You must be acquainted with the person whom we seek," said Harold, who by this time had joined his friend; "she was apprenticed to your mistress."

"Perfectly acquainted with her, sir," replied the hypocrite; "a very sweet girl, and, what is better, a good girl."

"She has been carried off from her friends," added Tom.

"Very sorry to hear it."

"And concealed here!"

"Here!" repeated the woman; "I hope your story of her having been carried off may prove equally untrue. Concealed here! Why, there's not a living thing in the house except myself and Madame's favorite pug."

"We shall see," exclaimed the young farmer, attempting to force his way into the hall.

The servant quietly but resolutely opposed him.

"I can't suffer any strangers to enter the house in the absence of my mistress," she observed, without appearing in the slightest degree alarmed; "your story may be true, or it may be a plan to rob it."

"Ridiculous!" ejaculated Harold, indignantly. "Do we look like thieves?"

The female eyed both the speaker and his friend sarcastically, as she replied that her acquaintance with such characters, fortunately for herself, was too limited for her to decide.

"Will these assist you?"

Our hero displayed several sovereigns in the palm of his hand.

"No," said the servant, regarding them greedily. "Whether your story be false or true, you shall not enter the house without an order from my mistress, or a lawful warrant. If you attempt to force your way, I shall call for assistance."

"I fear that she is right," whispered Harold to his friend. "We must seek the advice of the nearest magistrate."

"In the meanwhile they may remove the poor girl somewhere else," sighed Tom. "No, no! Act as you think best; but here I remain. I will not give a chance away."

"You can remain as long as you please," observed the woman; "only it must be on the outside of the house."

With a sudden effort she pushed the young farmer and our hero down the steps, then closed and bolted the door against them.

This exploit was followed by a hearty laugh. The young men looked round and recognized the lad who had pointed out the residence of Madame to them. Boy-like, he had waited to see the result of their visit, suspecting, probably, something unusual from the extraordinary excitement of Tom Mayfield.

"I know what you want," he said, gradually subsiding his laugh to a broad grin.

"The deuse you do!" exclaimed Harold.

"Yes."

"And what do we want?"

"To see the Frenchwoman's dancing girls," replied the lad with a knowing wink. "It's no use; bless you, there ain't one on 'em there."

This sounded something like information, and the lover of Clara demanded impatiently where they were to be found.

"I can do better nor tell ye," said the boy.

"Indeed!"

"I can show you, if I like."

The young farmer uttered a cry of joy, grasped the speaker's dirty little fist—an attention he seemed scarcely sensible of,—called him his friend and preserver, asked his name, and then shook hands with him again.

"My pals call me Bolt," answered the lad, scratching his head, evidently puzzled to understand the interest he had excited in the country-looking gentleman in top-boots.

"Well, Bolt," said Harold, who began to comprehend the kind of youth he had to deal with, "do you intend to show us?"

"What will you give me?"

"Anything! Name your price," exclaimed Tom; "a sovereign?"

"Aint it worth two?" demanded the boy, half afraid of losing the smaller sum by asking too much, and yet unwilling to throw a chance away.

"Two be it," replied our hero, drawing them from his pocket.

"Money first!"

"No."

"Give it him, or let me," said the distracted lover of Clara.

A compromise was eventually made, of giving the boy—whose countenance presented the well-known type of precocious cunning peculiar to certain neighborhoods of London—half the sum agreed upon.

The instant he received the coin in his hand, he placed it between a set of teeth that a shark need not have been ashamed of, and bit it.

"*It is a good 'un,*" he muttered.

"Why, you little rascal," exclaimed Harold Mansell, more amused than angry at the impudence of the youth, "do you take us for passers of bad money?"

"Well! not now," replied the boy; "but there are all sorts come into this neighborhood, and an honest lad can't be too careful."

"This way," he added.

"But you are leading us from the house."

"I knows the way. I have often gone round there, and have shown gentlemen the way there too. It be worth seein', I can tell you—better nor in the gallery of the *theyater*. I wor once there."

By this time the speaker had quitted the main road, and entered a narrow lane that ran by the grounds of Harlyford House. The two friends looked around them, and, perceiving that it would bring them by a winding path to the back of Madame Saubin's cottage, followed their guide with increased confidence and hope.

The confidence, at least, was not thrown away.

"There," said the boy, pointing to a building with several windows closed by French shutters, at a considerable hight from the ground; "there them are!"

"Who?"

"The French Madame's dancing gals."

The next instant, Tom Mayfield, with desperate agility, began climbing the wall, leaving his friend Harold to settle the promised recompence with their guide. After one or two failures, he succeeded in reaching the sill of one of the windows, and listened. The poor fellow heard several female voices, and fancied he could distinguish that of Clara.

"Be careful!" cried our hero.

His friend replied by a succession of violent efforts to tear open one of the shutters.

"Tell the gentleman to put his eye to the creaks," said the boy; "he will see 'em quite as well; that's what I does."

CHAPTER XVIII.

> "And still I looked upon their loveliness,
> And sought through Nature for similitudes
> Of perfect beauty."
> POLLOK.

At the bottom of the garden Madame Saubin had built a species of pavilion, to serve as a practising room for her pupils, girls of various ages, from the tiny little cherub, who, dressed in spangles and wings, armed with a bow and arrow, sprang from a rose-tree as Cupid in the last great pantomime, to the pale, tired ballet-dancer, whose beauty late hours, repeated colds, hard living, and still harder trials, had prematurely withered.

Amongst others was a Miss Brown, an excellent dancer, and still more excellent teacher. There had been two great drawbacks to her professional success. The poor girl was exceedingly plain and English. Hers were the taste and skill that arranged the ballets, so much admired, not only at His Majesty's, but the principal London theatres; the reputation and profit were for Madame Saubin.

A distribution by no means uncommon in the world.

The interior of the room presented rather a singular appearance: some friendly scene-painter had ornamented the walls with a coarse kind of fresco, representing the concluding scenes of several popular ballets—amongst others, the faithful Bayadere upon her funeral pyre; Beauty and the Beast; and the never-tiring one of Cinderella. From eight to twelve girls were practising in different parts of the room, some with the assistance of the pole, others placed with their backs to the wall and a board before them, in which position they kept bobbing up and down, whilst an elder pupil with a string and ball at the end of it, marked time: "One curtsey, two curtsey, three curtsey."

This, in a professional phrase, is termed turning the leg—and, however painful at first, gives great suppleness.

Mademoiselle Clarisse, a lovely brunette about sixteen, with nothing French about her but her eyes, was the most graceful, the sauciest, prettiest, and most independent of Madame's pupils. Full of mischief, gifted with great animal spirits, and an inexhaustible love of fun, her first appearance in the *corps de ballet* produced quite a sensation amongst the idlers of the side-scenes, who buzzed around her like so many carrion-flies, but fortunately without tainting either her heart or mind by their flattery and offers. Gifts of any kind, except flowers, she refused disdainfully; the latter she accepted freely.

It was a great triumph to her, when, after dancing at the opera house, she returned home with half a dozen bouquets in the hackney coach beside her, for Clarisse invariably rode both to and from the theatre. She could afford it; her father being a respectable tradesman, and the good, but capricious, wayward girl, his only child.

He had a nephew who assisted him in his business, that of a baker—a fine, strapping young fellow, limbed like a giant, handsome enough to turn the heads of half the unmarried girls of his acquaintance, yet pining for the love of only one—his cousin.

Adam Hayes was jealous of her—oh, so jealous! Every night in the season when she danced, he took his seat in the gallery, and at the fall of the curtain hastened round to the stage door, and watched her to her coach.

If any butterfly of fashion, more hardy than the rest, presumed to follow and press his attentions upon Clarisse, ten to one but the dispute was terminated by the heavy hand of her cousin.

The dancing girl evidently possessed an intense love of the beautiful. She could not endure the heat of her father's shop, detested the little gloomy back parlor behind, the business, and all its associations.

It was to avoid being recognized that she called herself Mademoiselle Clarisse; the name sounded pretty and looked well on the bills, but she never gave herself the slightest trouble to keep up the deception. Her English was unmistakably English, and when any of her admirers ventured to address her in French, she merely shrugged her shoulders, or exclaimed—"*Quel accent!*"

We suspect they were the only two words she knew, but as she pronounced them admirably they generally answered the purpose of silencing the gentleman, as far as the French language was concerned. Englishmen are exceedingly sensitive on the subject of their accent, and the fear of appearing ridiculous prevents many a young fellow from speaking French who, with a few months' practice, would doubtless speak it well.

The pupils of Madame Saubin were all practising very assiduously when one of the French windows which opened to the ground was burst open, and Tom Mayfield sprang into the room.

There was a general scream, and the younger girls clustered together, like a flock of frightened doves, round Mademoiselle Clarisse, whom they looked upon as their protectress, in the absence of Madame or her substitute.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" screamed half a dozen little voices.

"Clara! dear Clara!" shouted Tom, turning despairingly from face to face.

The elder girls suspected that he was mad, and wished Miss Brown would make her appearance, or Madame; the latter they considered a match for any man.

"Don't be alarmed," said Harold, who had followed his friend into the practising room; "we intend you no injury, I assure you. It is Madame Saubin we seek."

"Perhaps the gentleman in top-boots," whispered one of the youngest pupils, "wishes to take lessons."

"Top-boots, lessons or not," said Clarisse, "they can't remain here; go."

"We must speak with Madame."

"She is not here; do you know her?"

"Where is the infamous, unprincipled wretch?" exclaimed the distracted lover. "Where has she concealed her victim?"

"What victim?"

"Clara."

"Clara who?"

"Cleret."

"What!" said the kind-hearted girl; "has any misfortune happened to Clara? I am sorry, very sorry for that," she added, seriously; "for when my own good old father preaches, as he often does, about the dangers of the profession, I always point out Clara as a proof that a ballet-girl might be poor, pretty, and virtuous."

"You are a good girl!" exclaimed Harold, advancing towards her.

Clarisse sprang back and made a *piroutte*, followed by a curtsey at the end of it down to the ground.

"That's how I answer compliments," she observed, laughingly.

"Will you permit me to speak to you?" added our hero.

"Are you very dangerous?"

"No! and, as a further security, will confess to you that I am already over head and ears in love with some one else."

"And your friend?"

"He, too, poor fellow! the event of last night has broken his heart."

"What event?"

"Clara Cleret, the girl he is so fond of, whom he wishes to make his wife, has been forcibly carried off."

"And you come to seek her here," said Clarisse, the mirthful expression of her face changing to sadness; "you have been set upon the wrong scent. It is days since we saw her."

"In the house," muttered Tom between his clenched teeth; "I know it is in the house they have detained her."

"Madame Saubin has *another house,*" whispered the former speaker.

"Where?"

"Thank Heaven! I have never visited it," replied the dancing girl; "and never intend to do so," she added, coloring deeply, "neither do I know where it is situated; but I am certain of the fact, and—stay—where can I see you this evening?"

"Anywhere you choose to appoint."

"Appoint!" repeated Clarisse. "I don't like the word; and yet—I have it. I can bring Adam with me. Meet me at eight precisely, opposite the colonnade of Carlton House."

The two friends began to express their thanks, but the speaker cut them short by hurriedly adding that she would bring them certain intelligence.

"And now," she said, resuming her former laughing manner, "I am going to quarrel with you."

"You will find that difficult," observed Harold, gallantly.

"Not half so difficult as you imagine. My companions must not suspect that I am in league with you. You understand?"

"God bless you!" said Tom, energetically.

"What!" exclaimed Mademoiselle Clarisse, speaking aloud, and pretending to be exceedingly indignant; "call that an excuse for tearing open the shutters—breaking into the room? In love with me! Fifty fellows are in love with me. Pretty love, indeed! to catch me in this *déshabille!* As Aladdin says in the pantomime, 'Vanish slave! begone—descend by the means you came.'"

The two friends retreated towards the window amid a shower of slippers, which the pupils of Madame sent after them.

In the midst of this scene of confusion Miss Brown, who had been sent for to the house, returned just in time to catch sight of the head of Tom Mayfield, as it disappeared below the window-sill.

"Who is that?" she demanded, greatly astonished.

"A man!"

"Two men," cried the girls in chorus; "they broke into the practising-room."

Miss Brown advanced to the window, majestically closed the shutters, and ejaculated, "They wanted to steal."

"Please, Miss," said one of the youngest of the children, "I don't think they were thieves."

"What could they want else?" demanded the teacher.

All eyes were turned towards Clarisse.

"Can't help it," said the latter, trying to look confused; "it is not my fault if *his Lordship* is getting desperate; I have given him no encouragement."

"*Lordship!*" repeated her companions; "which was the lord?"

This was a point on which the *danseuse* did not think fit to gratify their curiosity; she felt perfectly satisfied with exciting it, and it was confidentally reported among the members of the ballet, that a very great nobleman had broken into the pavilion for no other purpose than obtaining an interview with the charming Clarisse; it even appeared in the papers.

At the present day, a manager would have raised her salary in consequence.

Miss Brown, perhaps, was the only person whom it did not deceive; she had been sent for to the house in consequence of Harold's and Tom's visit there, and, although ignorant of their rank, knew that they came for Clara Cleret.

Our hero felt that in his present state of excitement it would not be quite prudent to abandon his friend Tom to his own guidance and devices. In his despair the poor fellow might perpetrate some act of extravagant violence, which, however justifiable, would defeat the object they had in view—the liberation of Clara from the hands of her persecutors. For himself, he placed every confidence in the promise of Clarisse; there was an unmistakable sympathy in the eyes of the pretty ballet girl, that persuaded him even more powerfully than her words, of her honesty of purpose.

She might fail, but he felt convinced that she would not deceive him.

Before proceeding to the bank, they drove to the dairy at Islington, where they found the old man and his dame both looking exceedingly wretched and disconsolate.

The countenance of the farmer brightened the instant he beheld his son, but the heart of the mother was not so easily tranquilized.

She had other fears.

"Oh, Tom, Tom!" exclaimed Mrs. Mayfield in a tone of mingled tenderness and reproach, yet at the same time throwing her arms around his neck; "this be a sad goin' on—after your promises, too! Away from your home all night! It were not so at Lowelstree. I am sorry I ever consented to leave it."

"My heart is broken!" murmured the young man.

His mother kissed him and regarded him earnestly.

"Well, lad, well," said the old man, "the past can't be helped. Thee beest sorry for it. Let it be warnin' for the future. Thee mother and I know how to forgive," he added.

"Beyond the pain his absence has inflicted," observed Harold Mansell, seriously, "you have nothing to forgive, but rather to feel proud of. His time has been employed most nobly."

"Did thee hear that, dame?" cried the farmer, joyfully; "did thee hear that? Master Harold says it. I knew our boy would not disgrace us."

"Never!" said his friend, emphatically.

Mrs. Mayfield regarded him doubtfully.

"True," continued our hero, "true, I assure you. A good and innocent girl, who, with her afflicted brother, whom she supports, has lodged for years in the same house where my cousin Harry resides, has been forcibly carried off by a heartless, unprincipled scoundrel. Tom and I have been seeking her everywhere."

"Oh, this Lunnon! this Lunnon!" groaned the simple-hearted woman.

"We have obtained a clue at last, and this night trust to rescue her."

"This night!" repeated the dame, changing her tone to one of maternal alarm. "What, again!"

"I love her, mother!" exclaimed Tom, "dearly. Ah! I cannot tell you how dearly and honestly," he added, "or I should never dare name her in your presence. If ever I marry, Clara Cleret shall be my wife."

"Wife!" repeated Mrs. Mayfield. "God bless my boy; he can't be in his right senses. Wife! Why, he is not twenty yet, and talks of marriage!"

This was accompanied by an appealing look to her husband.

"Within a few months, mother!" exclaimed Tom, "within a few months!"

Although accustomed to indulge his son, as our readers have perceived, in every caprice, at the word "marriage" the farmer began to look a little serious.

"It is not the moment to discuss that point now," whispered Harold Mansell, in the ear of his friend.

"I'll not deceive them," muttered the latter; "I'll not deceive them."

"Would I advise you to do so?"

"No, no!" exclaimed Tom. "Bear with me, for I need it."

"You may trust to my discretion," said our hero, addressing the bewildered parents; "I will not separate from him for an instant."

"Tom! Tom!" ejaculated the dame, as the young farmer rose to depart.

Her son cut short her remonstrances by his kisses.

"Forgive me," he cried; "I know the pain I am causing you; would I could endure it for you! My own heart is so wrung, I should scarcely feel the addition. God bless you, my dear, good mother! I must leave you. I should die were I to remain here, and you would feel that even more than my unkindness."

The lover of Clara grasped his father's hand and rushed from the house, followed by Harold.

"He is my only one," murmured the old man, as they disappeared. "May the Lord watch over him! I am helpless!"

"This Lunnon! this Lunnon!" groaned his wife, vainly attempting to dry her tears; "would I had never seen it! Why did we quit Lowelstree?"

"Why, indeed!" sighed her husband; "why, indeed!"

Our hero had just time to drop into the bank before it closed, and explain the cause of his absence to his uncle, whom he found speculating upon the subject with Mr. Imray. The features of the retired drysalter brightened visibly when he saw him.

"Very praiseworthy, no doubt," observed Sir Jasper, drily, when he had heard his nephew's story; "but it is not business. Business," he added, emphatically, "has the first claim upon you."

"Not before friendship?"

"Before everything."

"Then I shall never make a merchant or a banker," replied the young man, modestly.

"I fear not," said the baronet.

"Don't believe him," exclaimed Zac; "he is only giving you a lecture for the fright you caused him; the heart of the trader may be as sound as the heart of the priest, and sounder too, for anything I know. Look at our charities, and the names that support them—city men, dealers in woollens, cottons, bread stuffs, oil, vinegar, wine, and money. I put that last," he added, "seeing that it is the leaven which ferments and corrupts the most."

Sir Jasper colored deeply, but remained silent. It had long been a point of discipline with him to put up with the eccentricities of the speaker, and if he could not indorse his opinions, at least to let them pass unprotested.

"And who is the gentleman who has carried off this girl?" he inquired.

"I would rather not name him, uncle, *now,*" answered Harold. "My old friend is waiting for me; to-morrow I trust will find me at my duty again."

He shook hands with Mr. Imray, and, passing through the offices, rejoined Tom Mayfield, who had remained in the hackney-coach at the door.

"What do you think of this tale?" demanded the banker, as his nephew disappeared.

"Believe it every word," replied the retired drysalter.

"But, still——"

"I believe it," repeated the old man. "Harold Mansell has all his father's love of truthfulness, and, perhaps, some of his weakness," he added, musingly.

The last observation fell very agreeably on the ears of Sir Jasper, who had no wish that our hero should produce too favorable an impression on his wealthy relative.

It is now time that we returned to Mademoiselle Clarisse, who, instead of returning home when she quitted the practising-room of the ballet-mistress, proceeded in the direction of St. James's Park. As the true-hearted girl walked slowly up Parliament street, she paused once or twice to gather courage.

"It can't be wrong," she repeated to herself several times; "it can't be wrong."

With this conclusion she proceeded resolutely till she reached the Horse Guards, when she turned and walked slowly into the park.

"*La belle Clarisse,* by all that's lucky!" exclaimed a young officer, one of a group chatting on the parade, "and alone, too. I'm off!"

"She will not listen to you," observed one of his companions.

"For fifty she does."

"Done!"

"Done."

The bet was made, and the admirer of Clarisse started off to overtake her.

"Go away, Lord St. George," said the ballet-girl, "pray leave me; how frequently must I repeat that it is quite useless for you to follow me? You compromise my reputation," she added, "by speaking to me *thus publicly;* I ought to be very angry with you."

"And are you not?"

"Certainly, my lord—exceedingly angry."

"It is my only chance," replied the noble *roué.* "At the theatre you refuse to listen to me."

"Of course I do. *Before my companions, too!*"

The countenance of the speaker, whose heart was really pure, was cast down, and she blushed deeply as she uttered this reply to his insulting gallantry.

"I can never see you anywhere else," he observed, "to plead my passion."

"Pray cease to annoy me—it is unmanly."

"The word is cruel. Beautiful inexorable, you know that I adore you. My intentions are most honorable," he added.

"No doubt."

Could the noble coxcomb have seen the scornful curl of the lip as the dancer pronounced the words, he would at once have abandoned the pursuit.

"If you would only give me an opportunity of explaining my feelings," he urged. "As you say, the park is a little too public. At Madame's?"

"Worse!" interrupted Clarisse. "The ballet practise daily at Vauxhall. You must leave me, my lord. I will not be detained any longer."

"One word at her private residence—the Retreat at Brompton?"

"Neither there, here, nor anywhere else!" exclaimed the object of his persecution, suddenly changing her tone, for she had obtained the information she required. "If you presume to address me again, I shall request the protection of the first man I meet. You understand, my lord, I used the word *man* to distinguish him from the puppy who has insulted me by his ridiculous professions of love.

"Love!" she repeated, with a look of such profound contempt that even the well-bronzed visage of the noble villain reddened beneath the glance; "I could as readily fall in love with a monkey! Good morning, my lord."

Dropping her veil, Clarisse walked rapidly on, perfectly satisfied that the vanity of her noble admirer was too deeply wounded for him to attempt to follow.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

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A GOOD MAN'S WISH.

I freely confess to you that I would rather, when I am laid down in the grave, some one in his manhood stand over me and say: "There lies one who was a real friend to me, and privately warned me of the dangers of the young; no one knew it, but he aided me in the time of need. I owe what I am to him." Or would rather have some widow, with choking utterance, telling her children: "There is your friend and mine. He visited me in my affliction, and found you, my son, an employer, and you, my daughter, a happy home in a virtuous family." I say, I would rather that such person should stand at my grave, than to have erected over it the most beautiful sculptured monument of Parisian or Italian marble. The heart's broken utterance of reflections of past kindness, and the tears of grateful memory shed upon the grave, are more valuable in my estimation than the most costly cenotaph ever reared.

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Let every one protect himself from a sullen, egotistical spirit, for there can be none worse.

MY LITTLE HEART.

BY ALICE CARY.

The sun is set but there falls no dew;
The year is old and the moon is new;
My fate is cruel, my heart is true,
And I sit in the silence and think of you,
My dearest, dear little heart.

I sit in the silence and watch the skies,
As the tender red of the evening dies;
My fate is cruel, but faith defies
The dreary night that between us lies
My dearest, dear little heart.

All the dreaming is broken through;
Both what is done and undone I rue;
Nothing is steadfast and nothing true
But your love for me and my love for you,
My dearest, dear little heart.

With th' waves that ebb, with the waves that flow,
When th' winds are loud, when th' winds are low,
When th' roses come, when the roses go,
One thought, one feeling is all I know,
My dearest, dear little heart.

The time is weary, the year is old;
The light o' th' lily burns close to th' mold;
The grave is cruel, the grave is cold,
But th' other side is th' city of gold,
My dearest, dear little heart.

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THE MOTHER'S REVENGE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

When the marauding bands of British and Tories began to overrun South Carolina, during the war of the Revolution, a woman named Polly Blodget lived in a humble log-cabin on the banks of the Santee. In person she was tall, and had a harsh, stern, almost forbidding countenance. She was a widow, with only one child, a poor, pale, delicate cripple, on whom she doted with a maternal fondness amounting to idolatry. Any slight to the poor boy, was an insult which she never forgave, and there were few persons in that region who cared to have the ill-will of one who was sure to manifest her resentment in a most unpleasant manner.

Some two or three years before the breaking out of hostilities, a man by the name of Hogans—a low, brutal, ignorant fellow, though the owner of some property—having lost a few of his cattle by disease, took it into his head that they had been bewitched by Mrs. Blodget; and meeting the son soon after, he grossly insulted, and finally struck him, on his mother's account. At this the widow became justly enraged; and procuring a loaded pistol, a stout rope, and a raw-hide whip, she way-laid the aggressor, compelled him on pain of death to suffer himself to be bound, and then belabored him till he was barely able to crawl home.

Keenly feeling the disgrace of his chastisement, and getting no sympathy from his neighbors, who openly applauded the act of the widow, Hogans soon after sold off his property and removed to parts unknown, swearing he would some day be even with the old witch. A coward at heart, he feared to commit a single-handed assault upon Mrs. Blodget, who for a long time went prepared for him, firmly resolved to take his life should he ever again venture near her. But the man, not appearing within a reasonable time, it was generally supposed he would never come back, and the widow ceased to be apprehensive of a secret assault.

One night, after the British and Tories had begun to lay waste the country, Mrs. Blodget was awakened by a loud knocking at her door, accompanied with a demand, from a gruff voice, to open quickly in the king's name.

The only tenants of the dwelling were herself and son; and the latter being sickly, nervous and timid, and now fearfully frightened, could afford her no aid in the way of resistance; while, on the contrary, she could hear the stamping of several horses, and the voices of several men, and knew that resistance, on her part, under the circumstances, would be worse than useless. So quietly hurrying her trembling son into the loft, and charging him to remain perfectly silent, no matter what he might hear, she hastened to undo the fastenings of the door, saying, as she threw it open:

"There, now, what do you want, that you come in this rough way to disturb the rest of a poor, lone woman at this hour of the night?"

"Well," said the leader, as he pushed in, sword in hand, followed by several of his men; "first, we want something to eat—the best you've got, too, mind you; secondly, we want something to drink, and the best of that also; and thirdly, we'll take all the rest you've got, that's worth the taking, and so just clean you out, root and branch, for a —— old she rebel!"

"And fourthly, you cursed old wretch, I want the rebel cub!" said another harsh voice from near the door.

For the first time, the brave woman turned pale. She recognized the voice, and an awful dread of some impending wo fell heavily upon her heart. She caught up the rude light, took a couple of strides forward, and flashed it full in the dastardly face of Hogans.

"So, it's you, is it? the sneaking coward that I once cowhided within an inch of your life!" she exclaimed, with the most withering scorn. "You feared to come alone, you worse than thief! and so went and got these *brave* gentlemen to come with you!"

"I swore I'd have revenge some day, and you'll find I'll make my words good!" answered Hogans, gruffly, but taking care to keep one or two men between himself and the angry woman. "Where's that crippled cub of yourn? I want him."

"He's not here—he's gone away!" replied Mrs. Blodget, turning deadly pale, and trying to keep down her fearful anger, for the sake of one more dear to her than life.

"That's a lie!" rejoined Hogans; "you know he's hardly ever out of your sight, and never for a night. Oh, I know you, you old witch of Satan; and I know what'll punish you too. You can live and go your ways after I've had one more chance at that limping whelp."

"What would you do to him?" questioned the excited mother.

"Only let out his bad blood, that's all."

"Come, come, woman," thundered the leader, "fetch on your feed, and your spirits, and shell out your money, for we can't stay here palavering all night!"

"Certainly, gentlemen, you shall have the best I've got," answered the widow, as she turned away from the scowling Hogans, and hastened to a sort of cupboard at the other end of the room.

The next minute she came back, with a jug in one hand and a drinking-cup in the other. She handed both to the leader, and bade him drink and give his opinion. As the men crowded up to secure a share also, Mrs. Blodget stepped back from the crowd, and, getting a fair sight at Hogans, presented a pistol she had just procured, and pulled the trigger. It missed fire; and the next instant she was roughly seized by the men beside her, and the weapon wrenched from her grasp.

"Bind her! bind her!" shouted Hogans; "our lives ar'n't safe a minute whilst the old she-devil's free!"

A rope was soon found, and, in spite of her struggles and protestations, the woman was speedily bound, and cast upon the floor like a log, where she lay perfectly helpless. The soldiers now began to ransack the house for plunder; but Hogans—who only belonged to the party in the capacity of guide, and had conducted it hither for the sole purpose of personal revenge, though in the main concealing his motive from the leader, under the pretence of extra zeal in the Royal cause—now found the opportunity he wanted to vent his devilish malice upon the female who had once chastised and disgraced him, and he accordingly paid his first attention to her. Approaching and giving her a brutal kick in the face, to which she only responded with the single word "coward," which was hissed out with anger compressed into agony, he stooped down to her and said:

"At last, my old she-wolf, you're in my power! and if I don't pay you off for the past, then just call Bill Hogans a —— fool! Come, where's that cripple of yourn? I want him."

"But he never hurt you, if I did!" said Mrs. Blodget, trembling at the thought of harm coming to her poor helpless son.

"No, but I'll hurt him, to get even with you."

"Oh, for God's sake, don't!" pleaded the doting mother. "Do with me what you please, but spare him, as you hope for mercy yourself!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Hogans; "it does me good to hear you plead to me, you old witch—it really does."

"Hark you!" whispered the woman; "I've got gold hid away—gold enough to make you rich—and if you'll get these men out of the house, and let me be certain of my boy's safety, you may have it all."

"Only set you free first, I s'pose?" said Hogans, with a malicious grin.

"No, you may even keep me bound till I make my words good."

"But s'pose we'd happen to find this gold before you tell?"

"That you never will, for it's too carefully hid."

"And you think I'll let my revenge go for that, do you? Well, I'll show you."

Hogans now joined the others, not to search for plunder, but for the widow's son. The house was by this time like Bedlam—the men cursing, swearing, singing and shouting, smashing crockery and furniture, ripping open beds, and everywhere seizing and destroying, and rejoicing at the destruction.

Suddenly, high above this tumultuous uproar, arose a wild, fearful shriek. The widow knew the sound, and her very soul shrieked back a fearful response. For a few moments a dead silence followed—the men seeming surprised, if not awed. Shortly after, Hogans was seen by the wretched mother, descending from the loft, holding in his hand a bloody knife. Approaching her, he bent over her, fixed his black, wicked eyes upon hers, and, with a grim smile upon his ugly countenance, held forth the bloody blade.

"It's *his* blood!" he said, with a significant emphasis on the pronoun; "his *heart's* blood! and now that I've had my revenge in a way to suit me, by giving you a cursed torment the rest of your life, I'm ready to treat. I don't want to kill you, 'cause I'm not sure but you'd be the gainer by it; and if you'll tell me where the money is, I'll come back, after these fellows have gone, and set you free."

"Must you have my money too, as well as the blood of my poor boy, you inhuman wretch?" groaned the poor, almost heart-broken mother.

"See here—no names!" growled Hogans, giving her another kick in the face, which brought the blood from her lips and mouth. "Say now, once for all, will you tell me where that money is?"

"And you'll set me free if I tell?"

"I said I would, and I'm the man to keep my word. But, hark you! you don't get your liberty till I see the money—mind that!"

"Come back then, after the others have gone, and we'll arrange it," said Mrs. Blodget.

This conversation had not been carried on in a loud tone, and had not been heard by any of the others, who were still busy at their nefarious work. Half an hour later, they remounted their horses and rode away, leaving Hogans behind, at his own request, to settle his score with the widow, and rejoin them at the next farm-house they expected to plunder.

"Now, woman, we're alone, and now for the money."

"It's buried in the cellar, and can't be got except by incantation; and unless I'm down there, and have my arms free, I can't get it for you."

"Oh, yes," sneered Hogans, "set you free, and no doubt you'll get it for me! Yes, I understand all that!"

Mrs. Blodget then proposed that the ruffian should free her feet, and let her go to the spot, and then he could bind her feet and free her arms, which would answer her purpose to point out the treasure and go through the incantations necessary to secure it. Knowing the man's ignorant superstitions, she adopted this plan to carry out the design she had in view. After some further parleying, Hogans consented to her plan, the more readily as she would be partially bound all the time, and all the weapons which might render her dangerous would be in his possession. So freeing her lower limbs, and taking a spade as she directed, the villain followed her down into a damp cellar, holding the light before him and looking nervously round upon every object.

"There," said the widow, stopping in one corner, where the earth had the appearance of having recently been removed; "now set my arms free, and I'll show you where to dig; and then, when you've got the money, I'm to be free altogether, you know!"

"Oh, yes, that's all right, 'cept that I'm to bind you, so's you can't run, before I cut the cords around your arms."

"Make haste then."

In a couple of minutes this change was effected; when, waving her hands mysteriously, the dame began to mutter unintelligible words, and roll her eyes in a strange, wild manner.

"There," she said, at length, "the spirit's laid; and now if you'll strike your spade here, you'll come to a dark keg, which will put you beyond want."

Hogans, though awed to trembling, but eager for the gold he supposed to be there, at once proceeded according to directions, and in less than a minute was in possession of a dark keg.

"You must break the head in with a spade, for so the spirit wills!" said Mrs. Blodget, in a lofty, mysterious tone.

He had previously given her the light to hold, and now she held it down near the keg; while he, thinking only of gain, hurriedly complied with her directions. The woman's face was very pale, but her lips were compressed and firm, and her almost glaring eyes saw nothing but the keg before her. The first blow sprung the head, and she held her breath—the second drove it in. Then, with a shriek of triumph, she dashed the light into it. There was a quick, bright flash, followed by an explosion that shook the whole building. The ruffian was instantly torn to pieces; and she, scorched and blackened, was thrown back senseless against the wall. The pretended money keg was a keg of powder, which she had recently hidden there for safety and preservation.

When the neighbors gathered at the house next day, they found the son dead, stabbed through the heart, but the mother still living. She became conscious long enough to relate what had occurred, but died before night, not once regretting the vengeance she had taken upon the murderer of her child.

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Account him thy real friend who desires thy good, rather than thy good-will.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[All the Questions under this head are actually received by us through the mail. We state this because we learn that many persons have supposed some of them to be *manufactured* for the purpose of adapting the answers to them. They are all genuine, written evidently in good faith, and answered to the best of our ability.]

Mary.—The fact that a person takes great delight in a pursuit is not a proof that he is able to excel in it. It is known to all editors, for example, that large numbers of people find peculiar pleasure in writing, though their compositions are worthless. You tell us that you are never so happy as when painting, and that, therefore, you desire above all things to become an artist. It is a laudable ambition. We wish you success in it. The difficulties in your path will be numerous and great; but as other women have surmounted those difficulties, so may you. Without knowing more of your circumstances, it is impossible for us to give you any particular advice.

Albert.—The oldest copy of the Bible now extant is said to be the manuscript in the Vatican at Rome, which is said to have been written in the fourth or fifth century. The Hebrew division of the Old Testament into twenty-two chapters, corresponding to the number of letters in the Hebrew alphabet, was made by the Rabbi Nathan in 1445. The present division of the Bible was partly made by Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, who died in 1228. He made the division into chapters, and divided a portion of it into verses, but the work was not finished until 1534, when it was completed by Robert Stephens.

W. E. B.—The names of the days of the week are of Saxon origin, and are derived as follows: Sunday, from Sun's day; Monday, Moon's day; Tuesday, Tuesco's or Tiw's day, from a Saxon deity worshipped on this day; Wednesday, Woden's day, from a deity corresponding to the Roman Mars; Thursday, Thor's day, from a deity having charge of winds, seasons, thunder and lightning, resembling somewhat the Roman Jupiter; Friday, Friga's day, from a goddess, the wife of Thor, and corresponding to the Roman Venus; Saturday, Saturne's day, from a deity corresponding to the Roman Saturn.

Inquirer.—The word pantheism signifies all-God-ism. It is impossible to convey, in a paragraph, any clear idea of what philosophers mean by this word. A late writer on the subject defines it thus: "Pantheism is that speculative system which, by absolutely identifying the Subject and Object of thought, reduces all existence, mental and material, to phenominal modifications of one eternal, self-existent Substance, which is called by the name of God." In other words, a Pantheist thinks that everything is God and God is everything; the visible universe being, as it were, the body and garment of an infinite Soul.

Dramatic.—Yes. Shakspeare's play of Macbeth is founded upon historical facts, which occurred during the reign of Edward the Confessor, of England. Macbeth, Thane of Glamis, murdered Duncan, king of Scotland, and usurped the throne; and Malcolm, son of Duncan, fled into England. Edward sent Siward, Earl of Northumberland, with an army, into Scotland, who defeated Macbeth at Dunsinane, and placed the young prince upon the throne, who took the title of Malcolm III. Macbeth was not killed in the battle, but fled into Aberdeenshire, where he was slain.

L.—"A young lady with whom I am in love, but to whom I have not yet declared myself, has declined corresponding with me, during my absence from the city. Shall I, on my return, call, and make known my sentiments?" Certainly; the young lady was quite right in not corresponding with you under the circumstances. The cases are rare in which it is well for a young lady to do so. Nor should a refusal to write be construed into dislike; it often arises from a proper modesty and self-respect.

Q. H. R.—You complain of being left alone for *another* gentleman visitor, by a lady who is often "urging" you to come and see her. You and all other young men should know that ladies who have so little self-respect as to *urge* gentlemen to come and see them, will have no more good breeding than to leave them when they do call, if any one else comes in whom they prefer. *Ladies* are not in the habit of *urging* gentlemen to visit them.

Boston.—Papier maché is made of the cuttings of paper. The paper is first boiled in water; next, beaten in a mortar till it is reduced to paste; then boiled again with a solution of gum arabic; and, finally, formed into the articles required by being pressed into moulds. This substance is supposed to be the invention of the Chinese, but it is made in Japan and India as well as in China. The best is now produced in France and England.

C. S. G.—You love and are beloved by a *very* young lady, whose friends have nothing against you except that they prefer not to have you wait upon her. Very well; probably as she is *very* young, they prefer, very sensibly, to waive all such attentions until she is old enough to know her own mind. You had better acquiesce in their decision.

Arago.—"Not long since I called to see a lady friend. In the course of the evening another lady came in unattended. Upon her leaving, should I have offered to escort her home?" You were not obliged to do so, particularly as she was a stranger to you. Indeed, we think it would have embarrassed her had you made the offer, under such circumstances.

T. L. W.—We are asked to give our opinion on bathing before breakfast, and on dispensing with the use of flannel for a part of the year. We can only reply that these things must be determined by the constitution of each individual; and that no general rule *can* be given for or against these practices.

S. R. P.—When a lady receives a present from a friend, with a card, should she answer it? Most certainly; as it is presumed no lady would accept a present from a person with whom she was not sufficiently intimate to express her thanks by writing.

B. W. P.—When a young lady is visiting where you board, and *runs* home before dark to avoid a gentleman who would wait upon her, should he afterward offer to do it? That is just as he pleases; if his love is stronger than his pride, he will probably win her over.

T. G. L. is threatened with instant execution by a young man who is in love with T. G. L.'s lady-love, if he still persists in going to see her. Very well, T. G. L., if you are a man of courage, you will not give her up for such a braggart.

Excelsior writes, "I am in love with a coquette, and dare not tell her how much I love her. What shall I do?" Either find out, by asking, whether she loves you, or else avoid her presence. If she is *really* a coquette, she is incapable of love.

Brooklyn.—The wheat harvest in the States bordering on the Gulf of Mexico is generally over before the tenth of June. Indian corn is ripe soon after the first of August. As a general rule, the season there is one month in advance of New York.

Somniloquist.—All questions of temperature, exercise and diet must be determined by the constitution of each individual; no *general* rule can be given for application to all cases.

Morris P.—If a gentleman bows to a lady, and she does not return it, he should not bow first to her the next time he meets her, if he is quite sure she *saw* him bow the last time.

Harry.—You have no right to expect a young lady either by letter, or in person, to treat you as a lover, unless you have made a distinct avowal of love and offer of marriage to her.

Kenton.—We see no objection in your calling on a young lady to whom you have been introduced, if you wish to do so. You can easily tell whether your company is agreeable, or the contrary, by making the trial.

Jeff.—You were grammatically correct in replying to a gentleman who asked you to *learn* him a game, that you would *teach* him; as to the *politeness* of the correction, that is another matter.

Lola.—Whether or not you should reply to a letter and some poetry addressed to you by a gentleman, it is impossible for us to decide on such limited knowledge of the understanding between the parties.

Frank.—You say you are in love with a girl *of many sisters,* who never give you a chance to tell her that you love her. You goose, why don't you do it *without* "a chance." Where there is a will there is a way.

W. L. L.—From what you tell us of your lady-friend, we should conclude that she greatly preferred your society. The little inconsistencies you mention look very like those of timid affection.

Maggie.—You should take no notice of the ridiculous attempts to injure you by gossiping slander. Keep on behaving modestly and correctly, and *live it all down.* That is the only way to treat it.

Laura S.—If a gentleman changes his manner toward you without a proper explanation, it is best for you to avoid him till he better understands what is due to a lady friend.

An Inquirer.—We do not think it advisable for young ladies to correspond with young gentlemen, unless the latter are relatives, or about to become so.

O. R.—It is not usual for a bridegroom to hand the clergyman his fee; the groomsman, or a friend, attends to that.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*